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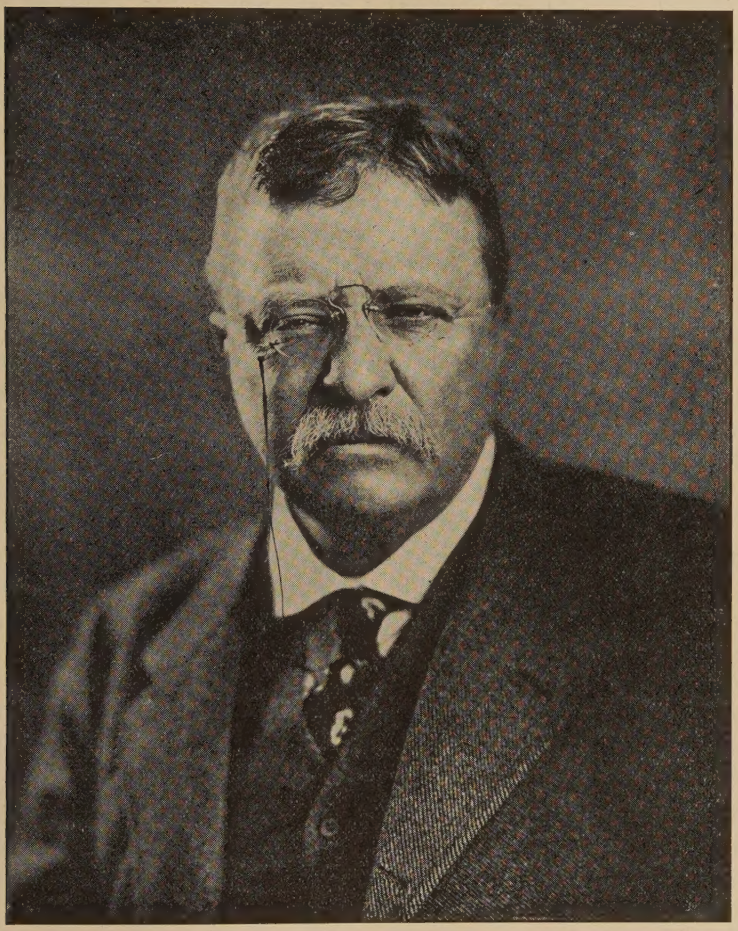


ROOSEVELT THE CHRISTIAN.

Hon. Herbert Knox Smith.

A Man, with the face of a leader, sinewy and hard-muscled with tramping the hills of Judæa, sat on the slope of the Mount of Olives, in a group of peasants. Rome ruled the world; the spears of her legions were possibly flash-

ing somewhere within His view as He spoke. And to a handful of peasants, in one of the most remote and insignificant provinces of the Roman Empire, He was calmly stating a way of life that opposed all that Empire was and stood for, the way of righteousness and kindness that should, He said, overturn the world-rule of might. It was Christ, preaching the Sermon on the Mount, His great, audacious challenge to Rome.

He left to men the task of making good that great defiance. Through nineteen centuries the fighters of our race, with many failures, have carried forward justice and right and kindness, Christ's way of life. But the men who have done the work have been the leaders and fighters, not the sentimentalists and critics. Every one of them—Savonarola, Luther, Washington, Lincoln—has hewed the path a little farther—and more—has shown their weaker, less courageous fellow men that it is the strong man, the commander of men, who does the work of Christ.

The latest, and one of the greatest of these fighters, Theodore Roosevelt, has just gone from our sight, leaving us the legacy of his spirit. He was of that high brotherhood of the leaders, by unquestioned right. Men followed him and served him because their souls wished to, and not for reward. His brain, his physical strength, his amazing accumulated wisdom of men and events, his fun, his courage, his clean great heart, his love of human beings and of America, all culminated in that topmost power of leadership. With that, as a sword, he hewed for his country a path a little farther along the way of Christ, toward the Kingdom of God.

He worked and fought for justice and right. That was his great service in history, closing with his last call summoning America to the battle front in France and the war of right against might.

But to many individual men he gave for their souls a greater thing. Christian, clean, joyous, high in the world's honor, a fighter till death, these men who watched him realized through him that the very Christ he served was the strong Fighter and Hero, the Leader and Comrade of strong men.

Lives of men like Roosevelt will at last destroy that ancient lie wrought by dead monks in tale and picture, the idea of Christ as the passive, weak, emasculated Sufferer. And in its place will stand, beckoning to brave men, the great true figure of the Leader Who defied Rome, Who marked the way of life for the strong to drive forward, Who stood beside the bayonets of right in the carnage of the trenches and Who, alone, can stand as the Master of the new world that is to come and of the men who have fought to make it.

Little critics who have never done anything wrong, and never anything else, and from their easy-chairs of inaction sneer at the man who acts; little selfish souls to whom religion and the Church are merely a sanctuary for their own salvation; little soft sentimentalizers dreaming, in a world of solid and tremendous forces—none of these can give the Kingdom of God to the generation which has passed through this war. This generation, in deep sincerity, is questioning religion. Lives like Roosevelt's, the Christian, are the answer. In the plain path of a fighting man he wrought for Christ, his Master. The flame of his spirit lights the path of the nation, the way of the Christian.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT AND ACTIVITY.

American Notes. **Hundreds of colored students in Methodist Theological Seminaries** throughout the United States have been invited by Mr. I. N. Ruffin, a member of the London Chamber of Commerce, to volunteer as missionaries for the Christianization of Hottentots, Herero and other black tribes in former German colonies in Southwest Africa. Mr. Ruffin, speaking as a guest at the annual conference of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, intimated that the British Government stood ready to finance educated American colored men who would go to Africa and help enlighten and uplift the blacks, impoverished in consequence of German rule.

The Last Message of Earl Grey, ex-Governor of Canada, to the world, is stated to be as follows:

"You know the idea of those words, 'He being dead yet speaketh.' A voice from the dead often gets a hearing. That's what I'm after. I want you to make my voice sound from the grave. I want to say to the people,—'There's a real way out of the mess materialism has got us into.' I have been trying to tell them for thirty years,—It's Christ's way. Mazzini saw it. We've got to get together. We've got to realize we're all members of one family. There's nothing can help humanity, I'm perfectly sure there isn't, except love. Love's the way out and the way up. That's my farewell to the world."

Rumania has not treated the Jews with overmuch tenderness in the past. This fact makes all the more interesting the following incident. Mr. Henry Singer, a Polish Jew, was converted under the ministry of Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston. Later he established a mission for the Jews in Toronto. Many years ago a young Jew by the name of Gredys was converted in this mission. Going over to the United States he organized Baptist mission churches among the Rumanians in Akron, Ohio, and Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Singer, visiting Detroit recently, sought a place to hold meetings among the Jews and was directed to the First Rumanian Baptist Church. He explained that Mr. Gredys, their former leader, was one of his spiritual sons and at the mention of that name they turned the church over to him for his meetings. These proved very successful. In a congregation of about four hundred there would be at least two hundred Jews and at one meeting alone, no fewer than forty copies of the Testament in Yiddish were distributed. Now this Rumanian Church will in the future open its doors wide to Jewish work.

The Red Cross has, in addition to its works of mercy, effectively educated the American people in large-scale giving. Evidence of this comes in from all sides. The writer was handed a flier at the Stock Show in Denver recently on which the following notice was printed:

"Fifteen hundred selected heifer calves donated by cattlemen of the mountain states region will be sold at public auction in the Denver Union Stockyards' Auction Ring, Wednesday afternoon, January 22. All money realized from the sale goes to the Red Cross chapters to which the donations were made. These are the pick of the herds of Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico."

Again: the Rosebud Chapter of the Red Cross among the North American Indians recently organized a sale. This netted $8700 for the Red Cross. The giving was evidently hilarious. One old woman, whose earthly possessions consisted of $1000 cash, bought a dress for $900. An old Indian paid $400 for a pair of moccasins. Doughnuts brought a dollar a dozen and so on. Thirty thousand boys and girls in Indian schools are contributing to Red Cross work. In one western Indian Reservation town the Red Cross banner is displayed in every home.

The San Antonio Express of Texas has established a fund of $100,000 to be used as rewards for the conviction of persons responsible for lynchings in any part of the United States. This fund is to be maintained for a period of five years. In its statement this paper says:

"A heavy majority of the crimes of lynching in this country have negroes for their victims. Therefore the larger re-

ward and the more stringent measures should be applied to this more prolific phase of the hideous evil of lynching."

The Labor Temple in New York City, which is under the Presbytery of the Metropolis, did admirable relief work during the influenza period. It was designated by the Board of Health as the social center for the district. Its special task, according to the *Continent,* was to care for all influenza cases which needed aid of any kind, whether doctor, nurse, mother's helper or food. The neighborhood house office was open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily, including Sundays, and the worker in charge stayed on duty constantly. Fourteen practical nurses paid by the city were sent to the worst cases and six volunteer workers were used as nurses' helpers in homes where the mother was stricken. The number of home visits made during the four weeks amounted to over 700 and large quantities of soup, custard, rice, jelly, milk and eggs were furnished those too poor to buy them.

Dubuque College at Dubuque, Iowa, is an admirable Presbyterian institution for the training of Slavic and other new Americans for Christian work. Recently the Roman Catholics have given the same name to a Catholic school widely known as St. Joseph's College, and the court has decided, in view of the fact that the Presbyterian College is not incorporated, that it has no redress. The result is very great confusion, much loss to the Presbyterian and, we judge, some gain of a kind to the Catholics since it is reported that mail and supplies intended for the former have been taken in by the latter. Dr. Steffens is President of the Presbyterian College. Within the past year the Catholics have added Father Steffens to their faculty.

The University of Pennsylvania has some 264 foreign students from forty different countries. Realizing that these men represented the best from each of these lands and that they would return to their native countries probably as leaders in their national life, the Christian Association of the University felt called to give them a correct impression and full knowledge of the best in our American civilization. To this end seven years ago the services of Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Stevenson, who had lived ten years in Cuba, were secured. The work was to develop a more friendly interest among the foreigners in our midst and also between them and American students. As there was a real need for some center where the Chinese Club, the British Society, the Japanese Student Association and groups from Latin America or other parts of the world could hold meetings and conduct their other business, a house at 3905 Spruce Street, peculiarly adapted to the purposes of an international students' headquarters, was secured at the end of 1917. Among the activities of the House has been an international class for the study of vital Christian problems, held each Sunday afternoon. Social gatherings have been held weekly for the foreign men, while the Foreign Student Secretary and his wife have been called upon in a thousand different ways to meet their many needs. Hospitality has been extended both at the House and through many private homes in the city. Delegates from the different nations have attended the summer student conferences at Northfield and elsewhere. One of the most valuable features is the table board provided for as many as the dining-room can accommodate. About fifteen different nationalities this past year developed friendships at this table, some of which will last a lifetime.

The Receipts of the American Board for the fiscal year have made a new record. The advance this year over the preceding was $61,290. The entire income for foreign missionary work amounted to $1,309,006.

The Old Broadway Methodist Church of Cleveland is the center of the Bohemian population of that city. Apart from services conducted for adults in Bohemian, all of its services are in English. Through its Sunday school it has for years been reaching and influencing thousands of the youth of the Bohemian immigrant, many of whom are now officials of the church and leaders in the affairs of the community. A $300,000 building adequate for the needs of this ministry is now being built through the aid of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension. The Plaza Community Church at Los Angeles, now in process of erection, is a Methodist enterprise also, but this time dedicated to Mexi-

cans and other Latin Americans. In addition to the church proper there are a six-story building and roof garden. Here will be carried on every phase of industry, recreation and religious training. The work is modeled on that so successfully carried on by Dr. Helms at the Morgan Memorial of Boston.

The Friends' Unit Working on Reconstruction in France is spending $700,000 yearly and expects to double that amount. These contributions come from Quakers and Mennonites. Captain Fletcher Steel of the American army says of its work:

"Everywhere I go, whether up to the front or down to the baby shows at Lyons, I always find the Quakers and they are always the hardest working, simplest, most modest crowd on the place. They rarely do the spectacular things so they are not so much talked about as they should be. But when you get down to the people on the ground who know what is going on, you find everybody from top to bottom blessing the Quakers."

Two Great Church Buildings have recently been purchased by negroes,—one in Chicago and the other in New York. The Chicago church was the old First Baptist and was sold for $85,000. The New York church was the Harlem-New York Presbyterian Church and brought the same amount. The Chicago negroes in one week raised $112,150 for their enterprise. Only two pledges exceeded $300.

General Tasker H. Bliss, American Commissioner Plenipotentiary to Negotiate Peace, is a son of the manse, his father having been Professor of Biblical Exegesis at Crozer Theological Seminary. In acknowledging a letter of congratulation from the Chicago Baptist Ministers' Conference, General Bliss writes:

"This action of the Conference has touched and moved me most profoundly. By reason of my father's lifelong association with the general work which you are conducting I feel in a peculiar way your words as coming from him as well as from yourself. Surely if a man ever needed to have his hands stayed up by the prayers of the righteous I and my associates need it now and it is a great comfort and support to know that such prayers are going up from so many dear friends in our dear land. Please convey to the Conference my cordial thanks for their kindly and strengthening action."

Canadian Ukrainians. The Rev. J. M. Shaver is carrying on evangelistic work among the Ukrainians in Canada. He gives in the *Missionary Bulletin* various pictures of the religious life of these people. Recently one died who had been an active local option worker with Mr. Shaver, although the priest of his Greek Orthodox Church was notably drunken. The funeral service lasted from nine to twelve-thirty and the people stood continuously. Many had candles in hand.

"Upon the coffin rested a small loaf of bread on the top of which was a coiled candle which burnt on indefinitely. In the procession an old man carried three fancy loaves of bread in a sack and another a large bowl containing half a gallon of soup in which floated three red apples. (This is no doubt some survival of heathen practices of offering food to the dead.) Six large banners and crosses with pictures of Christ, Mary and other saints led the procession. At every turn in the street a halt was made and the priest would chant from a service book resting on the heads of two kneeling men. . . . . The ceremony at the church consisted of numerous elevations of everything before the crucifix,—the many cloths that covered the altar, the coverings of the goblet and bread, etc. Then with goblet covered the priest went around and touched the heads of the kneeling congregation with the edge of the goblet. A large plate of small pieces of bread was placed on a small table where the three loaves of bread and bowl of soup with numerous candles rested. I saw no one partake of either bread or wine. Over one hundred candles were burning all the time. . . . ."

There are 300,000 of these Ukrainians in Canada at the present time. Their evangelization would lead to unquestionable Christian reactions upon the Ukrainian peoples of Austria and Russia. They have been loyal supporters of Canada during the war. Sixty per cent of two battalions from Western Canada were Ukrainian and in a great national convention at the war's beginning they pledged their utmost support to the effort to make Canada produce its maximum of food. Yet by some political blunder they have been disenfranchised as belligerent aliens. This has deeply wounded their feelings, for they are a people working up to the light and responsive to liberal treatment and to free institutions.

Knocking the Church. Dean Charles R. Brown, of Yale Theological School, has, in the *Congregationalist,* administered a well-deserved rebuke to the latest writer to indulge in the unsportsmanlike sport of railing at the Church. He thinks that the Odells and Fosdicks might learn a lesson from the ethics of the medical profession.

"The physicians of the land are not 'stabbing each other awake.' They do not bring discredit on their profession by casting such far-flung aspersion on their fellow practitioners. In dignified fashion they sometimes warn the public against the methods of ignorant and unprincipled quacks, but that is not a case in point. The rank and file of the Christian ministry is not made up of quacks. It is upon the regular practitioners that the essayists (themselves ministers of Christ) are bringing reproach by ill-advised and unjust arraignments."

As a result of wide observation specified, Dr. Brown declares himself

"ready to maintain against all comers that nowhere is there to be found so large and so constant a measure of readiness for self-sacrifice, of Christlike spirit, of unflagging devotion to the principles of the Sermon on the Mount and of patient fidelity to duty on the part of those who walk the ways of common life as in the Church of Jesus Christ. I will back the pastors and the faithful members of the churches for sheer moral idealism against any group of people which can be brought forward from any other one organization on earth.

"The Social Settlement if called upon for candidates to swelter on the Congo or to shiver in Alaska and Labrador, to face and relieve the dirt, the squalor, the disease and the vice of the crowded sections of the Orient or to brave the attacks of Boxers or the horrors of Armenian massacres would be swift to say, 'It is not in me.' And the Labor Union would speedily add, 'It is not in me.' This army of the choicest young people we know, enlisting for a warfare in which there is no discharge, going out to minister to people whose faces they have never seen, whose languages they cannot as yet speak but whose needs they have made their own in warmest sympathy, comes forth steadily from these churches which have, according to the essayists, become so feeble as to have 'no ethical enthusiasm for anything except negative ideals of individual behavior.'"

Of the home missionaries Dr. Brown speaks as former President of the California Home Missionary Society.

"It was my duty to travel among the wide wheat ranches and the lumber camps and the mining towns of that state. For heroism, unselfishness, patient fidelity and sympathetic interest in the needs of their fellows I know of nothing finer than their action, as it bears upon laying the foundations of the Republic on solid rock rather than in fleeting sand. I am confident that the home missionaries of our country would yield as many bushels to the acre of courage, fidelity, loyalty, willingness to die for their cause, as any body of people to be found anywhere."

A Warning Note in Pre-War Germany. The writer was wont to read in the months just preceding the outbreak of the Great War a little German religious paper called *Licht und Leben,*—a publication full of wisdom and sound doctrine and spiritual instruction. He recalls an article which lamented the growing godlessness of Germany and insisted that it would inevitably end in national *débâcle.* "We are not afraid of the Gospel,—it can get along without Germany, but Germany cannot get along without the Gospel and we tremble for her," was its substance.

About the same time an "Appeal to the Christians of East Prussia" gave expression to the feelings of German Christians concerning the situation in the national Church. We translated it at the time but never published the translation. It is of present interest in view of the tragedy of the intervening years and the prospects of the immediate future.

"We see on all sides forces at work undermining the Christian institutions of our people's life. We see our Christian holy days despised and desecrated; the sign of the cross already expressly forbidden in (certain) cemeteries in our large cities. . . . . The most depressing fact of all is that this corruption has penetrated the Church itself. Professors of theology, teachers of the future ministers of the Church, issue writings which Hindu, Chinese and Japanese heathen exhibit to missionaries in justification of their unbelief. They organize, together with atheist socialists, reform Jews, and Indian Buddhists, congresses for 'free' Christianity and religious progress. Clergymen instructed by these professors look on it as a chief mission to tear out of the hearts of the young coming to them for confirmation, the old Biblical belief. They hold up to scorn in public assemblies not only the creed of the Church they have

engaged themselves to teach, but the very Scriptures as well. They deny expressly not only the plan of salvation, the divinity of Christ, but also the existence of God.

"They preach from theater pieces instead of from the Scriptures. How difficult it is to get rid of even a single such corruptor of souls, recent events have shown us again!"

After referring to the attempts of liberal school-teachers to break down Christian teaching in the schools, the manifesto continues:

"The future of our people as a Christian people depends on the Christian school. When believing parents must turn over their children for seven years to be trained after the principles of unbelief then will there be longer place, neither for baptism and confirmation nor for Christian homes, Christian family life and a Christian people. We shall sink back irretrievably and in a body into heathenism."

Notes from Russia. The great Church of the Saviour in Moscow which was built as a memorial of victory over Napoleon is to have as its leading pastor **Father Hotovitzky,** who for many years was dean of St. Nicholas Russian Cathedral in New York. Father Hotovitzky was ordained in San Francisco and was for years active in organizing parishes in the United States and Canada, editing a Church magazine in Russian and English, instituting societies for mutual help, etc.

According to a writer in the *Constructive Review* there has been a **drawing together between the Russian Orthodox and Old Believers.** This division runs back to the seventeenth century and was the result of differing opinions as to unimportant matters of ritual. We gather from this writer that the Church has capitulated to the Old Believers and adopted the archaic ideas as to ritual, the building of churches and their adornment, the restoration of ancient piety, etc.

"The Church has not lost heart," he says. "In the first place it is working for the preservation of the integrity of its magnificent ancient ritual. This may be considered the first care of our Church."

Certainly this seems trivial enough in view of what is going on under the Church's nose. It is stated that the number of slain officers in Moscow during one month has been greater than the total number of aristocrats in the French Terror. Dead bodies are thrown in masses into the river Moscow. Sailors are openly boasting that the killing of people has become a habit, as the use of morphine. Yet theaters, cafés and underground rooms are filled with merrymakers,—merrymaking, indeed, having become a sort of sickness. The use of cocaine also is spreading widely among the younger people. Meanwhile the Church of Russia is at work at ritual problems!

The Czecho-Slovaks and the Church of Rome. According to the well-informed Berlin correspondent of the *Christian World* the Roman Church is bitterly opposed to the new and free Bohemia. Masaryk and his Government have sundered the official connection between the Church and the Czech Republic and have appointed a commission to inquire into the manner in which the Church has obtained its large possessions.

"Throughout the length and breadth of the new State a ferment is rising on two very important points. The use of Latin in the Mass and in other church services is objected to. The Czech language must be substituted. The Church is the people's church and there must be nothing done inside it which they do not know and understand. The other matter is the celibacy of the clergy. For many years this has been a vexed question in Bohemia, many Czech clergy resenting or envying the freedom enjoyed by the Ruthenian clergy of the Uniate Church. Judging by the importance given to this matter in the Czech newspapers there is a strong section of the people in the new State who hold that the village priest must stand before his people as an example of every domestic virtue. He must be humanized and made to identify himself more with all the concerns of their daily life. And the priest will be all the better able to do this if Rome ceases to control his heart as well as his head and if that which he has hitherto given to his ecclesiastical superiors be given his wife and children."

According to this observer religious developments along these lines are likely to be followed by similar ones in Poland and Jugo-Slavia.

A prominent Czech now in America begs the American Board to found in Prague *at once* a Training School for colporteurs and preachers.

Tenrikyo. Further information concerning this Japanese sect is given in *The East and the West.* It is said to have some 3,500,000 adherents and 2000 preaching places. It prevails among classes little affected by Christianity, notably the peasants. Curiously enough, considering the status of women in Japanese peasant society, it was originated by a woman and has been spread by women. Starting with the teaching of One God, "the Majesty of the King of Heavenly Reason," they have so far compromised with the prevailing paganism of the land as to say that this God is really ten gods. "They make a great deal of the sun and the moon among these ten and believe that the gods of the sun and moon originated the idea of creating the world, which they carried out with the help of the other eight gods." Tenrikyo commends itself to the conservative Japanese peasant on the ground that it is nationalist, —a variation of Shintoism, free from any admixture of foreign ideas and foreign terminology. In one of its phases it is a healing sect analogous to Christian Science and spiritualism. Its members are said to develop kindness and gentleness (which after all are pretty generally Japanese traits). Thus it is affirmed that when some sixty thousand adherents come on the annual Founder's Day to her birthplace there is no quarreling or need of police at the railway station. Tenrikyo believers are said to have been heavy contributors to Belgian relief funds and to be acceptable to employers in the large factories. On the other hand, as is usually the case with fancy religions, Tenrikyo takes a light view of sin. Its followers do not feel its horrible nature and there is a great deal of sexual immorality both among teachers and believers. An English instructor in a Tokyo college has distinguished himself by becoming a Tenrikyoite and two ladies have made a brief stay in England as Tenrikyo missionaries.

Brief Notes from Abroad. The Roman Catholic authorities put at the disposition of the American troops on Thanksgiving Day last the Cathedral of Saint-Julien at Le Mans. The service held was conducted by Chaplain A. C. Howell, an Episcopalian. The service was preceded by a reception at the main entrance of the Cathedral by the general and his staff to various French generals and other dignitaries. The service began with "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," in English, after which the Cathedral choir sang the *Te Deum,* and the benediction was pronounced by the Bishop of Le Mans. There was an address by the American chaplain. The Cathedral accommodates ten thousand people. The army furnished a choir of one thousand voices which was accompanied by military bands and the magnificent Cathedral organ. According to the *Living Church* this is the first instance in which a Roman Catholic church building in France has been opened to our troops, although there are recorded numerous joint religious meetings in the open air.

Professor Johnstone, of Aberdeen, a prominent theologian of the Presbyterian Church, has recently died. Of his father, Mr. Robert Johnstone, a merchant in a small Scotch town, Dr. John Brown has written an account which illustrates the mentality of Scotch Christianity.

"One thing," he says, "always put my father on his mettle, the knowledge that yonder in that corner under the gallery sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, a man who knew the Greek Testament better than he did. This was his brother-in-law and one of his elders, Mr. Robert Johnstone, a remarkable man of whom it is difficult to say to strangers what is true, without being accused of exaggeration. A shopkeeper in that remote little town, he not only intermeddled fearlessly with all knowledge, but mastered more than many practised and University men do in their own lines. Mathematics, astronomy, and especially what may be called selenology or the science of the moon, and the higher geometry and physics; Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek and Latin, Spanish and Italian, German, French, and any odd language that came in his way,—all these he knew more or less thoroughly."

The Tercentenary of the Sailing of the Mayflower is to be celebrated at Plymouth by a religious commemoration service lasting three days. The programme is now being prepared. Dr. Rendel Harris, who has been professor in both Cambridge and Johns Hopkins Universities, is the moving spirit back of this coming Anglo-American demonstration. He has nearly completed a volume of hymns suitable to the celebra-

tion and has also composed an "Interlude for the Return of the Mayflower," in five scenes. A Mayflower College in Plymouth, England, is suggested as a suitable memorial to this great event in Puritan history.

A Brazilian Colporteur of Italian descent, José Siciliani, has been pioneering along the shores of Lake Maracaibo, a body of water 100 miles long and 70 miles wide, connected by a small channel with the Caribbean Sea. He has faced terrible heat, malaria, smallpox and fanaticism. The houses along the lake are built—whole villages of them—of canes standing on platforms, which in turn rest on stakes in the water after the fashion of aboriginal lake-dweller architecture. This type of villages it was which caused the first Spanish discoverers to name the country Venezuela, or Little Venice. Señor Siciliani has paddled from village to village in a canoe. In some places in order to drive away the heretic, the people would beat on tin cans with bits of iron as is their custom during an invasion of locusts. Often it proved extremely difficult to buy food because of this hostility. After six months he returned to Carácas having succeeded in selling over three thousand copies of the Scriptures in that time.

"The Flame of the New Religious Reform in Italy will blaze forth in the South," writes an eminent Italian. Yet Southern Italy on the face of it seems an unpromising country, indeed,—afflicted with malaria, ignorance, poverty and priestcraft. Thus in the Basilicata 13,000 acres of land are malaria-infected. Towns are without schools, doctors, pharmacies, lighting, sewage. Emigration has taken away the most capable workers by the hundred thousand. Yet in this discouraging soil little churches are growing up full of fervor and self-sacrifice. Dr. Tippey mentions a peasant church at Scicli in South Sicily. Its best members are in the army; its pastor has been removed to a neighboring town. The congregation comes together every Sunday, prays, and reads the sermon sent them by their pastor. On Missionary Sunday last year this church gave 350 *lire* (about $67), an extraordinary sum considering their poverty. The Methodist Centenary Programme plans a model farm for this community where boys and girls can get practical agricultural instruction. It also has in view a community service church in Naples with day nurseries, soup kitchens, cooking and sewing schools, night schools, a free clinic, etc. Similar institutions will be established in Reggio-Calabria, Spinazzola, Catanzaro and Bari. A medical unit for circuit work will operate out from Naples among the villages which up to the present have never seen a doctor.

A Remarkably Apposite Quotation was made by Rabbi Harris in the Berkeley Street Synagogue on the occasion of the recent Peace celebration. It was drawn from the Apocrypha (Second Esdras, Chapter 11) and was applied to Germany and England, respectively. "An eagle put the whole earth in fear and bare rule over those who dwell upon the earth with much oppression." Then out of the wood comes a roaring lion who apostrophizes the eagle as follows:

"Thou hast afflicted the meek, thou hast hurt the peaceable, thou hast loved liars and destroyed the dwellings of such as did thee no harm. Therefore is thy wrongful dealing come up unto the Highest and thy pride unto the Mighty One. . . . . Therefore appear no more thou eagle . . . . that all the earth may be refreshed and may return, being delivered from thy violence."

Dr. George H. Washburn, a son of the former President of Robert College, Constantinople, is proceeding to Turkey to superintend the erection of no less than fifteen hospitals, the cost of which will be about $800,000. They will be placed in strategic positions from the Sea of Marmora to the Persian frontier. Special antidotes for typhus—a disease which threatens all Asia Minor—are being prepared. Several trained aviators are accompanying the commission. They will carry its representatives to needed points on errands of observation and relief in a few hours where otherwise as many days would be required.

That Great Missionary, Horace Underwood, the Apostle to Korea, was, according to his biographer, a believer in the imminent coming of Christ and through him the Korean Church has largely become premillennial. He says:

"Especially was Horace filled with his father's eager hope and longing for the return of the Lord. It was his constant thought and he never ceased to look and pray for that glorious appearing in his time. This hope he passed on to the Koreans from the first days when he could teach them at all, and now probably the whole Korean Church is one in looking and waiting for that day."

Dr. Cobern, quoting the Revue Biblique, tells us that, according to expert belief,

"the very kitchen of Caiaphas, the infamous high priest who connived at the death of Jesus, has recently been dug up with the vessels and dishes in the pantry as they were left there nearly nineteen hundred years ago."

Statements such as this give point to the announcement of Sir Frederick Kenyon that the British Government has been asked to put the whole work of archeological exploration in Palestine upon a sound and scientific basis, supervising all such explorations and leaving nothing to the haphazard efforts of individuals.

The Springfield Republican Comments on the Bible's Scientific Accuracy as follows:

"'Daubed it with slime and with pitch. Gen. vi. 14.' This verse is said to have given the Standard Oil Company the idea that oil was to be found in Egypt. This is reported to be the assertion of Charles Whitshott, geologist and oil and gas expert for the Standard Oil Company. The verse tells of the use of pitch in making the craft in which the babe Moses was set adrift. Alphant, of the Standard, reasoned that where there was pitch there was oil. I was sent to investigate and three wells are now in operation with more being developed as the result."

November 28, 1918, was Officially Observed as a Holiday in Italy at the behest of the Italian Government, the day in fact being our American Thanksgiving Day. This extraordinary event leads the brilliant editor of *L'Evangelista* of Rome, Vicenzo Nitti, to remark:

"One certain day was declared a holiday for the purpose of thanksgiving and prayer to God . . . . proclaimed and dedicated by the Italian Government . . . . and all this in Rome in the presence of the Vatican, mute and sad. This is the first official act of a religious character that is carried out and which completely supplants him who pretends to be the sole religious authority in Italy and in the world. The old forms are going to pieces; the fetishes and idols are falling down."

The First Edition of the Complete Bible in Annamese, published in 1913-1916, is reported in the *Bible in the World.* This is a rare modern example of a complete missionary version of the Scriptures produced by the Roman Church in a language in which Protestant Bible Societies have hitherto issued only two or three books of the New Testament. The translation is due to Dr. Albert Schicklin, *Provicaire Apostolique* of Western Tonquin, a member of the *Société des Missions Etrangères* of Paris. Dr. Schicklin's translation has been made from the Latin Vulgate, is printed side by side with that version and is provided with annotations. It is issued in four volumes (a fact which indicates that it was not prepared for mass circulation) and comes from the press of the *Société des Missions Etrangères* at Hongkong.

Admiral Beatty's Call to Thanksgiving which was his first signal after the surrender of the German fleet in the Firth of Forth was, it seems, identical with that issued by Nelson on August 2, 1798, after the Battle of the Nile. It ran as follows:

"It is my intention to hold a service of thanksgiving at 6 p.m. to-day for the victory which Almighty God has vouchsafed to his Majesty's arms and every ship is recommended to do the same."

According to *The East and the West* Admiral Beatty in referring to Christian Missions recently said:

"If half the zeal and passion, half of the outpouring of life and treasure or organization and efficiency that the State has put into this War could be thrown into the cause of the Kingdom and of the eternal verities, the world would soon be won."

The remarkable Painting by the Swiss Artist Burnand shown on the opposite page represents the eleven apostles gathered Saturday morning about the table at which they had eaten the Last Supper with the Lord on the Thursday preceding. Peter and John are seated; Thomas stands behind Peter; Simon the Zealot is at the extreme right. The whole group are in the grip of the terrible impressions of the preceding afternoon.

M. Eugène Burnand. THE DAY AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION.

THE MISSION FIELD.

Dr. Macklin of Nanking is a missionary physican. Over a half million of patients have passed through his hands since he opened his hospital in that city. He has also engaged in a great variety of other work for the enlightenment and uplift of the Chinese. Here, for example, is a list of the books which he has translated from English into Chinese,—in itself almost a life work for any man:

Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," Green's "History of the English People," "Swiss Life in Town and Country," "Life of Thomas Jefferson," "Life of Wyclif," "Life of John Wesley," "The Church of Christ" by a Layman, Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," Schiller's "History of the Thirty Years' War," Dore's "Theory of Human Progression," Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company," Henry George's "Protection or Free Trade," Angus' "Environment of Early Christianity," H. D. Lloyd's "Wealth against Commonwealth," Henry Ford's "Little White Slaver" (to this the Provincial Governor wrote the preface and the Police Commissioner of Nanking paid for publishing), "The Manila Handbook of Health," "History of Switzerland," "A Bible History,"—all this, besides editing a number of magazines and writing numerous newspaper articles.

Dr. Macklin is a pronounced advocate of all kinds of social reforms but he still holds to the one thing needful. When asked what he considered the greatest need of China he answers unhesitatingly: "Gospel preaching! No political or social revolution will save a people. They can revolute like an egg. You can turn it upside down but it is the same old egg. Russia has had her revolution and Turkey and China. But none of them is much better off. The only thing that will save is Christ. He is the Saviour of the individual, the city and the nation."

Dr. Macklin's Chinese Friends are numerous and influential. With Mr. Joseph Bailie, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Nanking, he has organized "The Famine Colonization Association" to enable the destitute to earn their own living through cultivation of waste lands. This project has received the endorsement and promised support of thirty of the leading men of the Chinese Republic. Among them are Sun Wen, leader of the Revolutionists, the first provincial President of China in 1911, now one of the Directors of the Southern troops. 2. Tang Shao-yi, Ex-Premier during Yuan Shi-kai's time; one of the Directors of the Southern troops; a Commissioner to Japan. 3. Hwang Hsing, one of the revolutionary leaders; a prominent general. 4. Cheng Teh-chuan, Viceroy of Kiangsu and Anhwei Provinces. 5. Wen Tsung-yao, ex-Commissioner of Foreign Affairs in Kiangsu Province. 6. Chang Chein, ex-Minister of Agriculture and Forestry during Yuan's time; a great leader of modern reforms in Industry, Education and Social organization. 7. Wu Ting Fang, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs. 8. Li Yuan Hung, Commander in Chief of Army and Navy of Southern Revolutionists. 9. Hsiung Hsi-ling, ex-Minister of Finance; President of the Tsientsin Flood Relief. 10. Yuan Shih-kai, former President of China. 11. Sung Chiao-jen, a great statesman and leader in modern reforms; an important leader of the Republican Party. 12. Ts'ai Yuan-pei, ex-Minister of Education. 13. Wu Ching-lien, ex-Chairman of the Senate; now leader of the Southern troops. 14. Caho-Pin-chun, ex-Premier. 15. Liu Kwan-hsiung, ex-Minister of Navy, and so on down a long list of viceroys, reformers, generals, ministers, etc.

Mission Incidents. Mrs. Chang is the devoted Bible woman of the English Baptist Women's Hospital at Tai Yuan Fu, China. In 1900 **when missionaries and Chinese Christians were massacred she clapped her hands with delight.** "I had a heart like Paul's," she said, explaining her attitude, "I was consenting to their death." Her old mother was grieved about one thing only,—that they had killed so many little children. That she felt was wrong.

But Mrs. Chang was converted and is now deaconess in the church. She never

forgets what she was once like. If an overdressed, powdered woman comes into the hospital Mrs. Chang will say: "Yes, I was just like that once. It is because they don't understand the Gospel."

The Report of the Bible Society gives **the following instances of conversion in Japan.**

Some years ago a woman in the sixties started on a railway journey to a famous shrine. Being unaccustomed to traveling she somehow made the mistake of taking a train that brought her to Osaka. Though at first annoyed over it she remembered that she had relatives in that city and so, making the best of it, went to visit with them awhile. These relatives were Christians and talked with her about the true religion. Having listened with interest, all at once she seemed to grasp the import of what they were trying to tell her. It resulted in her giving up going to the shrine to worship idols and returning to her home town. This old woman was illiterate but her interest in Christianity became so intense that she at once commenced to learn letters in order to read the Bible her relatives had given her. In spite of the opposition of those about her she persisted in study until she could read the Scriptures and thus nourish her new faith all by herself. She started Christian work in her village and herself supported it.

Some time ago a **chief of pickpockets was caught and thrown into prison in Kobe.** A fellow prisoner one day sent word to his wife at home for some book on legal evidences (he had not been finally convicted). The wife being an uneducated woman could not make out what he meant by evidences. However, as he wanted some book to read she was very willing to send him one. In the evening she went to a night fair to see what she could find in the way of a cheap book and to her satisfaction discovered a very thick and large book at a very low price, bought it and sent it to her husband. Through him it fell into the hands of the pickpocket and led to his conversion.

In Japanese Villages there is a Yearly House-cleaning carried out under police supervision. Household goods and household gods are set out in mid-streets while the general purification is going on and tempers are no doubt similarly dislocated. A colporteur visiting the village of Tajima found it in this state of household revolution and succeeded in selling five Testaments and fifty Gospels to the people by proving to them that it was of more importance to clean the heart than the house even, and that the Gospel was the sole specific for bad hearts.

Good Cooks as Well as Good Stewards of Christian Doctrine are needed according to a Kanaka Christian in the New Hebrides. This man, Peter Abuofa, listening to the Gospel through an interpreter, was not able to get at the essence of it. When it came to him in his own dialect he remarked:

"This is good! Before, there was plenty of food in God's Word; but the interpreter did not know how to cook it properly and so we were all hungry."

Illustrations of Demon Possession in Mission Literature are practically endless in number. They ought to make uncomfortable reading for Modern Enlightenment if Modern Enlightenment could be once induced to reason inductively in the matter. The following case is from the *China Press,*—not a missionary publication.

"Mrs. Tsong was suddenly seized with a strange malady. She recognized no one, chewed her tongue, bit her arms and scratched herself, ran about in a dazed manner, throwing things around and upsetting tables and knocking people over. She spoke the most absurd nonsense and talked entirely in Hunanese Mandarin, a language in which she had never before been able to speak. Charms, the burning of ghost money, soothsayers and the incantations of Taoist priests were tried with no avail. Finally a Methodist preacher was summoned. After a short conversation with the spirit which seemed to possess the woman, Pastor Zi, with such of his church members as had accompanied him, knelt in prayer. After this and the singing of a hymn he commanded the evil spirit in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to come out of her. She immediately fell to the floor and lay as if dead for over three hours during which time her friends became very angry with the pastor and his followers, threatening them with bodily harm. Before they did anything, however, the woman sat up, recognized her friends and was apparently perfectly well. The affair created a tremendous impression in the

entire community. Many professed Christianity, many burned all the idolatrous paraphernalia, many were enrolled as inquirers and all the Tsongs were baptized."

Humor in Missions. There are Miaos on the island of Hainan as well as on the mainland. These are beginning to move into the Christian life. Men, women and children often sit up till cockcrowing committing to memory a little book on Christian doctrine and are purchasing hymn books, gospels and catechisms by the hundred. But they are still children and prone to fall into moral shortcoming. **A Miao's coat was stolen** while he was away at church. On a later Sunday he saw his coat at service worn by another Miao. He recognized it and demanded it of the wearer who declared that he had bought it from a third party. This man denied having ever seen it. The Miao chief Zit-kwong was appealed to. He told the men to kneel down right where they were while he prayed God to help them to tell the truth. During the prayer the third Miao interrupted with a confession of his guilt and there was great rejoicing.

A New and Revised Hymnal in the Paamese Dialect has lately been shipped from Sydney, Australia, to the New Hebrides.

"A large number of the books have already been sold and in all quarters, in the village and in the gardens, one hears the lilt of a new tune which has caught the native ear. Rather strangely one of the hymns is having a fight with native prejudice in order to win its way into popular favor. The hymn is the old and well-known one, 'Work for the Night is Coming.' The natives read the hymn literally and its constant call to work reminds them too much of plantation discipline. They think it must have been made by the overseer of a plantation, as there it is all work and no play. The average South Sea Islander does not care about 'giving every flying minute something to keep in store.'"

In Taking the Collection among the Zulus the custom prevails of putting a few feathers or a wisp of goat's hair or bit of pumpkin into the contribution box. These samples indicate corresponding wholes,—a chicken or goat or pumpkin waiting outside the church for the benefit of the cause receiving aid.

In Heathendom. Dr. Hagman of Nantungchow reports the following, related to him by a Chinese evangelist. Five Buddhist priests ran a temple whose reputation as a religious resort continually declined. This especially because of the denunciations of a certain man who went about declaring their idols to be mere painted mud. Alarmed for their incomes the priests arranged the following plan. They bribed their opponent who had been induced to dine with them at the temple to make apologies to the gods. This he could do without losing face as he was well touched with wine. All went as planned, but when he stood up to offer amends to the offended divinities he suddenly dropped in a heap. The wine had been poisoned but the report went out that the vengeance of the temple gods had fallen upon him. So the shrine became more prosperous than ever and the facts would never have been known if the five priests had not later fallen foul of each other in the dividing of profits.

Encouraging Items. Methodist Work among the Hebrews of Bombay is very promising. It is conducted by a Jewish self-supporting lay worker. More than a score of Jews have already been won for Christ under his leadership. This little band are men and women of faith who contemplate starting work among the Jews throughout the East.

The Rev. W. Stephens writes:

"In my own district—Poona—we have twenty-seven village communities of Christians where a few years ago I could tramp all day and find no Christian roof to rest under. I now can find one whenever I need it and I can break bread with a Christian family whenever I am hungry. All this in a brand-new part of the district. It is not what we have got that stirs me. It is what I see coming. I see the beginning of a movement that nothing can stop until it reaches all classes from the Mahar to the Brahmin. It is doing this just now."

Miss Paxson reports an encouraging movement among the girls of the largest Government Normal School in Canton, China. Seventy-three have decided for Christ, among them one from a blind school, two from a school for midwifery, five from a government school, and one a head-teacher in a non-Christian school.

Brief Mission Notes. Nine hundred Chinese boys attend the Chaoyang Mission School which is in charge of the Rev. A. F. Groesbeck of the American Baptist Mission, in South China. The Government of China, in recognition of the great value of the work of this school, is conferring silver medals on all persons contributing $100 or more to its support.

The Korean Church is becoming a missionary church. At the last General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Korea missions were at the front.

"Never before," says a report in the *Korean Mission Field,* "have more interesting accounts been brought before the Assembly. From Vladivostok and farther north in Siberia, from along the Trans-Siberian Railway, from North Kanto and West Kando in Manchuria, from Shanghai whence a special delegate was sent to plead for a pastor for the Korean colony there, and best of all from the Chinese province of Shantung where the Assembly's real foreign missionary work is being done for the Chinese in their own language, men came with heart-stirring tales of the opening of new doors. The Assembly accumulated enthusiasm as the report grew in volume. After the fashion that has become dear to the hearts of some of the Korean leaders, a spontaneous collection was demanded and amidst great confusion and enthusiasm the Assembly rolled up in a few minutes the splendid sum of *yen* 1800 in special gifts to enable the work to go forward at once."

The Sudan Interior Mission has just celebrated its quarter centenary. Twenty-five years ago the Sudan was without a missionary to its sixty million people. To-day, not to speak of mission work of several other societies, the Sudan Interior Mission has fifty missionaries with sixteen stations manned by whites, together with several in charge of natives. Twenty-five years ago the languages of the country were practically unknown. To-day missionaries are working in eight different languages, and in most of these some portion of the Scriptures is available to the people. Then there was no church in the Sudan. To-day there are hundreds who are identified with the faith of Christ.

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Luanza Mission,
Congo Belge.
October 1, 1918.

Dear Mr. Moody:

Tell me, can a lion only hinder and not help us? The answer comes from Mrs. Crawford who with gratification that is almost gratitude speaks up for the lion that certainly saved her life. She is just back from a long two months of African travel across the river, and at one stage they would have been hopelessly lost but for the intervention of a fierce-but-friendly lion saving instead of swallowing her. I am painfully aware that here you have the incongruous carried to the verge of the bizarre, but let the truth be told though seventy sinners shrug their shoulders in disdain.

To understand the situation you must look at the map and see where, away at the south end of this Lake, the great elephant marshes begin. After a long day canoeing this sea of uncertainty, at last towards evening, in order to reach land and camp, they entered the final phase of thirteen-feet-high bulrushes with nothing visible save a little ribbon of sky overhead. In this maze of marsh, without a compass, they were soon lost as to direction; lost, I mean, because the canoe had to take each new twist of the waterway that presented itself—that or nothing, and nothing at that. So round and round they went like a watch spring, until in exasperation night came down with its many mosquitoes; but where, oh, where, was land? In a voice that seemed to come up from his ten toes the guide declared they were lost. But ashore they must get, and no amount of scolding, volubly and without reserve, could mend matters. Then came the discovery that made no claim to be original: What about prayer? and what about the dear old jingle:

"Prayers and praises go in pairs,
They have praises who have prayers"?

The answer is so authentic that no number of scoffers can gainsay it, in spite of all their allusiveness and politely impudent personalities. What is wanted in this desperate case of lost bearings is some clear call from the direction of land; but how can a human voice respond from a lonely spot where never human dwelling was? Then it was God heard prayer. Like the two buckets in the well, up goes the one

and down goes the other; up goes the request and down comes the answer—a lion roars! *For a lion means land above all things,* and the non-aquatic lion saved the situation. So they swung round the canoe and headed straight for the roaring lion; no fear of being eaten by it, none at all. Would the God Who sent the wild beast to deliver allow that same beast to harm them? Still it roared and still they approached it, but as sure as they were advancing so surely was the roaring receding; yes, *receding because Christ was interceding.*

Surely in this lion running away at the precise point where it had finished its God-sent service—I say, surely here again we have an exalted and touching proof that the Infinite God is the God of the infinitesimal. Even the rough old fisherman was forced to see God in it. There is something rather charming in a plain man's attempt to be ornate, yet even he made quite a secular sermon out of it. He is one of the sort who does not mind using God's name all day provided you do so with none of the odious affability learned at the Mission! Yet now he owns up to a *personal* deliverance when man's help was of no avail; in fact, lions loomed so large for the moment that to him all the world seemed to divide into three, and only three, classes —the Biter, the Bitten, and the Unbitten. Thus with all his quirks and quirls and homely philosophy, he testifies to what he had neither part nor lot in, a blind man admiring the rainbow! Certainly these old orators have the style of genius, if not the genius of style.

So you see how the God Who overruled Satan at Calvary once again got the sweet out of the bitter. For is *he* not "a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour"? And was it not the very roar of this lion that brought the needed signal for dry land? Thus the very roaring that is a Scripture symbol for devouring was transformed into a sure mark of mercy; for where a lion roars must be dry land. So God rules by overruling; all ill, well; all bad, good; and the very worst, the very best. At the Cross where Satan did the darkest deed in all his devil-destiny, just there (and justly there!) God got the greatest glory of all.

You are now coming north with me into Lubaland, over the Kundelungu Range, just a little south from that point where, through Livingstone's "huge rent in the mountains," the young Congo leaves Lake Mweru with a roar. Six or seven days ahead we will come out of the grass to find this same Lualaba swelling on its northward course. Encountered far east on the Tanganyika plateau as a mere threadlet, here you have it a noble monster; millions of gallons of not flowing, but flying, water. Rolling through Bangweolo plains and passes, plunging down Luapula cataracts, here it comes with a rush, roaring out an everlasting rebuke to the swarms of negroes lining its banks. Rebuking, I say, their dirty dens, rebuking, too, their stagnation and smell. Always arriving, always departing,—what an eloquent insinuation against these stuck-in-the-mud Lubans! Here, where every prospect pleases, only man is so vile that he does not guess he is in a paradise. For it seems sadly true that the sense of external beauty is lost in the same ratio as the sense of evil is stifled, and an ugly sinner sees an ugly landscape. The same thing with sound as with sight; the natives of the region of the cataracts do not hear the roar. If Nature were not most helpful and educative, Christ would never have advised His disciples to study its charms, but an ugly soul sees ugly scenery. So why be surprised when the bad sinner sees only a bad God? These raw ones say, *nem. con.,* they cannot receive my Gospel because they do not know where it came from. Such is the sophistry wherewith they lull a pricking conscience. But I ask them why they do not refuse to drink Congo water because they never saw its far-off source.

Where the Mulumbe Range swings back to let the Lualaba through, the gorge is very beautiful, mountains rising dark and sheer with no shore. Kilwani, eight miles further on, is the chief, a poor broken-spirited man, with no pretensions, but an open ear. An ill-smelling hole is his stockade, and with fever in my blood, I vainly tried to shuffle off a hundred yards under a tree. My well-turned apologies were of no avail. Said he softly, "Ah, I am not good enough for you." This caused Matt. x. 12, 13 to flash through my mind, and, of course, we put up with the "worthy" one, to have a sweetly happy time. In the morning he saw me along as far as his glorious falls, but the responses rang hollow toward the end. The skill with which he parried my theological thrusts revealed not an out-and-out, but a half-and-half believer,—50 per cent of sin and 50 per cent of salvation was his idea: a Christ-for-his-soul-and-the-Devil-for-his-body kind of Gospel. So there by his own sounding falls we bade a long and last farewell; deep calling unto deep at the noise of God's waterspouts. Here was an oratorical opportunity not to be slighted, so above the roar, and pointing to the precipice, I shouted, "Half-and-half salvation? You might as well say you can jump halfway down your own Niagara as to hint that a man can have a half-Christ and a half-Devil. The Christ for Lubaland is the Christ of John v.: 'Wilt thou be made *whole?*' not 'Wilt thou be made *half?*'" There was a protesting look on the poor fellow's face that seemed to say: "Only four hours for a man to rearrange his idea of the universe! If this Gospel is

anything then it must be everything." What a preposterous demand to be laid down by me, a preacher, a mere passing stranger!

If you glance at the Congo chart you will see the sister falls to these solemnly named "The Gates of Hell"! Wherefore all this geographic delicacy of innuendo in naming them "The Gates of Hell"? Did that traveler who first mapped those roaring falls really adumbrate his own destiny if peradventure they engulfed him in their flood? "The Gates of Hell"; yes, but why not speak for himself only? Why drag in others? Livingstone, for example, had he fallen down those same falls, would he not have flown far higher than he ever fell? "The Gates of Heaven" would have been a more appropriate name (for him) than that of the infernal regions. At any rate, the map gave me my Gospel metaphor, and more and more I feel that Christ loves this parabolic preaching, the same Christ of Whom it is written, "And without a parable spake he not unto them."

Loyally yours,

D. Crawford.

Satara, India,
November 15, 1918.

Dear Mr. Moody:

Month by month the Record of Christian Work comes to me. I do not know who sends it, but I do want to express to someone my warm appreciation, and I also want to thank you for the stimulus and inspiration I get from its pages. I always pass on my copy to English-speaking Indians who also enjoy it. Our Indian pastor has greatly enjoyed the Record of Christian Work, and lately it has been going to some of our Christian lads in Mesopotamia who have gone as clerks.

I remember with great pleasure my year of teaching at the Seminary, 1900 to 1901, as well as the wonderful summer Conferences.

With warm thanks,

Sincerely yours,

Hannah Hume Lee.
(Mrs. Theodore S. Lee.)

EDITORIAL.

The appreciation which we publish in this number by Hon. Herbert Knox Smith is the tribute of one who was a warm personal friend and ardent admirer of President Roosevelt. It was more than statesmanship which made Theodore Roosevelt great, for he was a prophet of righteousness. In years to come he will be remembered for his work in awakening the moral conscience of the Nation to national evils which had been tolerated with indifference by the country as a whole.

Mr. Smith's tribute to the memory of the ex-President reminds us of a sermon by Dr. Jowett on "The Severity of Jesus." Preaching from that text in which our Lord addresses the inquiry to His disciples, "Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?" Dr. Jowett showed how Christ reminded the men of His time of the great prophets of righteousness who denounced unrighteousness, and in burning words of warning called their generation to repentance. Jesus Christ impressed the men of His generation by His severity, and reminded them of John the Baptist, Elias, and Jeremiah. Christ was, to be sure, the "man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," and we think of Him frequently as the "meek and lowly Jesus." With repentant sinners, and with little children, He could be compassionate and tender, and mediæval art has so frequently depicted this aspect of His nature that the Church has lost sight of the fact that in the presence of hypocrisy, injustice, and oppression of the weak, He was the Christ of severity and denunciation.

As a follower of Jesus Christ, Theodore Roosevelt was also intolerant of subterfuge, and the champion of those who suffered from oppression or injustice.

* * * * *

For two years the youth of America have been engrossed in war. Three million young men have been drawn from the pursuits of peace to train for military service, and of this number two million have actually seen foreign service. At the most impressionable period of life they have missed the atmosphere of home, the associations of school and university have been interrupted, and many of the strongest influences of life have for the time ceased to be directly operative. Now that hostilities have ceased and the soldiers are re-

turning to civil life, are they to be reckoned as a spiritual asset or liability to the Christian Church? Have the scenes of bloodshed and suffering deepened the spiritual life of the present generation, or have they tended to the soul's atrophy? Have the experiences of these years enriched or impoverished character? Such are the questions that earnest Christians are asking themselves in these days.

No answer can be made by any generalization. Undoubtedly there have been attendant spiritual liabilities and assets. Individuals have experienced a deepening of spiritual perception, and have discovered principles that they never recognized before. Others have yielded to pessimistic fatalism which has deadened all the finer sensibilities. As an English chaplain, who has had exceptional opportunities of observation during two years of service at the front, expressed it to the writer: Good men have become better, and bad men have become worse. "War has emphasized what the man was before." In itself it has not made for the transformation of character.

It is not easy to learn the attitude of these men who are returning from the front. They are reluctant to dwell upon their achievements, and will not readily lay bare their convictions. In other words, the youth of to-day will *camouflage* that which is deepest in his convictions, and it is only when his confidence has been won, and a degree of intimacy results, that you discover that the indifference is assumed and entirely superficial. How many people have commented upon the reluctance with which these soldier boys will speak of their experiences in trench or battle line!

First, let us enumerate some of the liabilities of these years, which the Church is bound to reckon with. We have spoken of the interruption, at the most impressionable years of youth, of home influences and former associations. "War is hell," and men cannot live in its atmosphere without suffering in consequence. The segregation of large numbers of men, without the refining influence of women, has always tended to a coarseness in thought and language. Men to whom an oath was almost unknown before the war have become familiar with the coarse profanity of their companions, and have found only too frequently that the habit of swearing may be easily acquired. Attendance upon religious services has in many instances been impracticable, and the absence of the help derived from Sunday observance has left men without the source from which they unknowingly derived moral strength. Religious services have not been well attended, whether conducted by chaplains, or under organizations, and men in the army have not found the traditional forms of worship those which best expressed their spiritual aspirations.

But it would be folly not to recognize that these years of war have also been attended by conditions which can be definitely recognized as spiritual assets. There is a new consciousness of God among the soldiers. This is recognized by many. In "The New Death," Winifred Kirkland says: "A few years ago we avoided thinking about God as easily as we avoided thinking about death. That indifference is destroyed. We find thoughtful men, especially in England and France, looking back with shame at our days of facile faithlessness, equally aghast at our former disregard of the Divine, and at the Kaiser's championship of a tribal god of battle revived from an age grown almost legendary. In the words both of statesmen and soldiers to-day, one sees a return to the first condition of true religion, humility. Only the bewilderment of agony could have made us humble enough to be reverent." . . . . "The soldier regards God as the Intelligence that marshals the moral forces of all time, but as an Intelligence, like his general's, to be trusted, rather than understood, and he regards a blind and unquestioning obedience to this direction as the individual's only possible contribution to the ultimate victory. This religion is, therefore, first, absolute trust, and then absolute submission. . . . . After decades of materialism a new mysticism is being born. The quickened sense of a God controlling the issues of life and death is a natural reaction against our puzzlement at wanton wastage of lives."

Rev. H. A. Bridgman, after a visit to the front, is similarly impressed, and writing editorially in the *Congregationalist,* he says: "Now God has become concrete. . . . . The

door into the hearts and lives of multitudes of young men is swinging wide. It is an opportunity that almost transcends in uniqueness and value the present unparalleled missionary opportunity in foreign lands. . . . . If the Christian Church of America is to conserve the aroused idealism of hundreds of thousands of young men, if it is to capitalize in the interest of its work their awakened enthusiasm and zeal, it must prepare itself speedily to give the boys when they come home at least three things—a sense of God's nearness, love, and redeeming power, a genuine and far-reaching human fellowship, and a programme of service big and challenging enough to appeal to men who know what service and sacrifice really are."

In other words, atheism is not prevalent among men to-day. There is a new consciousness of God. Men have been impressed from the very nature of the crusade in which they have been enlisted, realizing that the forces of righteousness and justice have been arrayed against those of oppression and greed.

Those who have lived among the soldiers in camps or hospitals testify to a new spirit of chivalry which has been born within them. Men who once held material success as their highest ambition and spoke of carving out their own destiny, have generously responded to the call of duty, subjected themselves to severe discipline, and yielded an unquestioning obedience to superiors. Youths once restive under restraint have come to learn that there can be no liberty except to those who recognize government and order. To sum up the spiritual assets of the war, we would say that they comprise a new consciousness of God, a higher idealism, a reverence for constituted authority, a spirit of chivalry, and submission to discipline. The very recognition of these principles implies a new spiritual perception and capacity.

Of course, men do not express themselves as definitely as all this. Their deepest feelings are often inarticulate; but those who have had the greatest success in preaching in the camps will testify that the direct spiritual message meets with the most responsive hearing. Men are intolerant of the *camouflaged* religious message. The failure upon the part of many of the religious efforts which have been put forth in the camps we believe has been due to an apologetic attitude on the part of the workers. An American major, conversing with a friend of the writer, recently paid a high tribute to the work of the Salvation Army, for the very reason that they were direct in their appeal. "When these workers give hot chocolate and coffee to our boys as they go to the front," he said, "we cannot but admire their noble heroism, and readily listen when they talk. We know what they are after. They never hide their meaning. When we want vaudeville, we know where to get it; when we want religion we know where to get it. We don't want it mixed."

Camp discipline has inculcated a spirit of reverence, making men on the one hand intolerant of flippancy in their approach to God. On the other hand, this very training has made them direct and concise, and their spiritual life will similarly express itself.

In view of all this, can the Christian Church at home conserve this spirit of the soldier and give it coherence? The degree in which this is done is the answer to the question whether the war itself is to be found an asset or liability. Seriousness behind a veneer of carelessness, a consciousness of God, a new idealism, a revaluation of life in terms of service, a spirit of humility and sacrifice, offer an opportunity for the Christian Church unparalleled in a generation. What is to be the attitude of the Church in articulating all this spirit in terms of Christian experience and life? Much of it is incoherent, but for that very reason it needs guidance and teaching in the way of Christian doctrine.

It will mean, we believe, the sacrificing of much which has been traditional, and forms of worship and style in preaching will have to undergo radical changes if they are to express that which is deepest in the spiritual lives of these men. It must be remembered that from youth they have suddenly sprung into a mature manhood. In a brief space of months they have acquired an age, greater than that of many who are years their seniors at home.

For such as these worship will have to be divested of all that is meaningless. What-

ever is found to have survived its original expression of spiritual need or experience cannot be maintained for the sake of tradition. Repetitions will not appeal to men who have learned the efficacy of ejaculatory prayer. Rhetorical periods, and the enumerating of the attributes of God, will be lacking in immediacy among men who have learned above all things to be direct.

On the other hand, the Christian soldier will not tolerate an easy familiarity, but will insist upon reverence; nevertheless, he will be no less intolerant with long prayers addressed to the audience rather than to God.

What is true of prayer will be equally true of praise. Hymnology will be reverent in character, and the sense of the words will not be sacrificed to musical effect. That which has been best in oratorios will continue to make its appeal, and the best in Christian hymnology will have its place. But in the new era we believe the average quartette anthem will have no place in the new worship.

Now all this may mean greater brevity in the service, as well as in the sermon, but is there any Scriptural ground for maintaining that the service should be an hour and a quarter or an hour and a half in duration? Christ does tell His disciples that the "true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him." But nowhere do we find that the duration of Divine worship is prescribed. This is equally applicable to the message. Few of the recorded public utterances of our Lord, or even of the Apostles, could have been of long duration, and the only occasion of a protracted service, recorded in Acts, was attended with calamitous results to the young man who fell from the window and was only brought back to life by a miracle. Undoubtedly it will take far more time in preparation for a service of this character, from which all has been omitted but that which is essential, and yet in our life to-day this is the demand on every hand. Much of this may run counter to that which is deeply rooted in the lives of earnest men and women, but forms and traditions should not be allowed to stand in the way at a time like this, when the Church has the greatest opportunity of a century of giving expression to those spiritual experiences which have been the common lot of the youth of this generation.

THE NORTHFIELD OF CHINA.

Jui Te.

It was on Round Top at Northfield that many a young man in America received his first inspiration to lead a life of Christian service, and it is back to Round Top that many a missionary gratefully looks as the place where he made his decision to give his life to the cause of Christianity in China. It is very fitting, therefore, that there is a spot in China destined some day to have memories as sacred as those of Round Top itself, a spot very similar in many respects to the corresponding place in Northfield. It is at Wofossu, an old Buddhist temple near Peking, which has recently been the scene of the annual students' conference for the north of China.

The temple itself nestles down at the foot of the mountain, but every evening after supper the delegates climb far up toward the top. Here there is a little knoll, naturally formed, jutting out on the side of the hill. And here the life work meetings are held, in the dusk of the evening, overlooking a plain which is one of the most historic and romantic stretches anywhere in Asia. Far off in the distance, faintly glimmering through the evening sunlight, are the yellow tile roofs of the Forbidden City, the home of ancient emperors. Surrounding this is the great city of Peking itself. The towers of the wall can be made out faintly, and all the bustle, the poverty and dirt, the very life and the breath of the capital, as it surges unseen within, can be imaged with hardly an effort. Off to the left is the summer palace, the vacation residence of the old Empress Dowager. Near at hand is the hunting park of the em-

A Corner of the Dormitories at Wofossu.

perors, with its crenelated wall creeping up over the ridges of the hills, enclosing forests, temples and pagodas, one of the last possessions of the disappearing Oriental royalty. Down beneath is the old temple of Wofossu, and further on can be seen other temples, smaller perhaps, but just as quaint, and embedded in tufts of trees. Spread out between, in the land that the kings and priests did not want, is a large fertile plain, where hundreds of farmers raise grain for the city. The hills form a semicircle around the distant city. In fact, Peking was originally built in this particular spot because of the excellent lay of the land, with the surrounding hills on the north and west serving as barriers against evil spirits which might wish to swoop down on the capital.

No more inspiring place could be picked out for the meetings which set forth each year to several hundred young Chinese students their opportunities and their duties in the various forms of life service which are open to them. This was the eleventh student conference that has been held at Wofossu, and with each succeeding year the combined power of the lives of those men who have on this hilltop first seen Christ as the Pathway to life, is continually adding to the associations already connected with it. There, before their eyes, as it were, China is spread out. There the corruption of the capital is in evidence. There the ignorant peasants are seen with their antiquated tools, and miserable little mud homes. The needs of the country are laid bare before their eyes.

This view emphasizes the cry that has resounded through China this year: "Christianity can save your country!" That is the basis on which Mr. Eddy built his message in the recent campaign which aroused such large interest. It is an appeal which few men can resist. The Chinese students love their country. They may not realize her need as fully as they should; but it does not take much insight even for a student to see the sins of China to-day. The Government was never in a worse state. Sighs for the old monarchy are being heard again. "That was bad enough," it is said, "but even that would be better than the present muddle." The students are aroused as they seldom have been since the first revolution. They are reaching out for something—anything—that can save their country. Christianity boldly steps forth and claims that it can. At least, reason the students, it is worth an investigation. But Christianity is no easy cure-all. Christianity starts with the individual, and many a man who wants to purify his country without first purifying himself turns sadly away, like the rich young ruler, for he still puts his own will first.

Owing to the recent campaigns of Mr. Buchman and Mr. Eddy, there was a much larger percentage of Christians at the conference at Wofossu this year than ever before. An effort was made to get as many

Recreational Center at Wofossu.

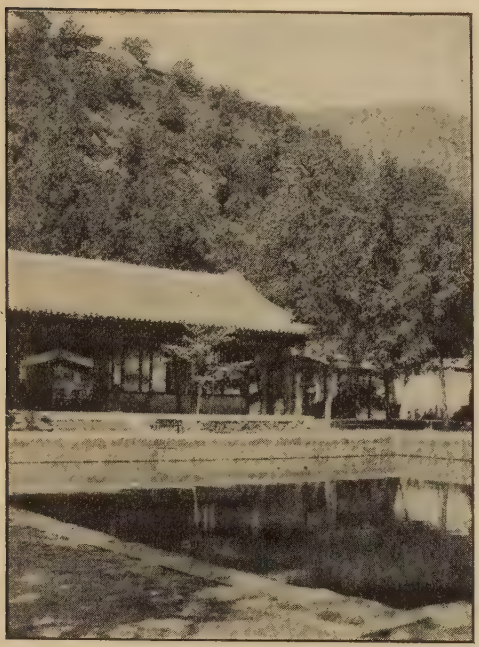
as possible of these new Christians to come to the conference, but even the non-Christians who were there had for the most part already become fairly familiar with the challenge which Christianity had to bring. For this reason, the Christian message could be brought before the delegates with much more directness and force than has been the case in former years. Only a few years ago it was necessary to divide up the conference into two parts, meeting at different times, one section for the Mission colleges, and one for the government colleges. The conference for the government students had to be handled very carefully. Tact bristled from every speech. The students often showed an openly hostile attitude, and some came merely to scoff and sneer.

Those days are now safely past. The government students are just about as open as the Mission students, and they have learned how to mix with each other with a real spirit of friendship. They were all of one accord in their purpose for coming to the conference, and were determined to get as much out of it as they possibly could. As one of the leaders put it, "I never saw so many hungry men in one place before in my life." They were actually hungry for Christianity. They saw the need of it, which is the first and most important step. They saw the need for themselves, and they saw the need for their countrymen.

One of the most noteworthy successes of the conference was the spirit with which both leaders and students entered into the plan of personal work. Scattered in all parts of the temple grounds, at any time of day when there were no meetings in progress, one could see little groups of two men each, one leader and one student, sitting on the rocks or walking among the trees, earnestly talking. Or here and there were people on their knees, perhaps even non-Christians who were trying to pray for the first time, unashamed and not noticing the looks of passers-by. Every man in camp was "covered" by at least one leader who talked with him about his personal life, his relation to God, and his purpose in the future. Many problems were brought up to the leaders, intellectual problems, moral problems, social problems, or family problems. That they were all answered satisfactorily is too much to hope, but many of the delegates undoubtedly received a new Source of power and aid, of Whose existence they were never before aware. Some of the students were so anxious to have talks with a number of the leaders that their zeal would have had an element of humor in it if they had not been so strongly in earnest. Every once in a while a student would come up to a leader and say, "I can give you just twenty minutes, from 3.40 to 4, to talk to me about Christianity." I looked at one student's schedule for the last afternoon of the conference. He had arranged for interviews with five different men. One young chap came up to me and told me he had settled five of his six great problems, and asked me to talk with him about the last of them. He had assigned one problem to each leader, picking out the leader he thought to be the most capable in that particular subject. His last problem, one that is very real to many besides Chinese students, was Christianity and the war.

The number of young Chinese leaders was greater than is usually the case, though there were of course many foreign leaders as well. J. L. Childs, already known by many students of America, was the director of the conference. Mr. Childs is now stationed in the Peking Young Men's Christian Association and is giving up his whole time to work for students and men who have studied in foreign lands and have now returned to China. He had a great deal to do with the Chinese students in America for a number of years, and is himself an honorary member of the Chinese Students' Alliance.

The conference grounds are owned by



Temple of Sleeping Buddha.

the Y. M. C. A. The Princeton University Center, which is the Y. M. C. A. at Peking, has the responsibility of maintaining the grounds and looking after the business management each year. The temple was formerly designated as imperial, and is one of the most beautiful near Peking. It is the temple of the Sleeping Buddha. The idol is still there, and the old Buddhist monks still go through their lifeless ceremony of knocking on bells, burning incense and singing their empty prayers two or three times every day. The temple itself which encloses the Buddha is the central building and is the only part now left for the Buddhists. All the surrounding houses and smaller temples, the swimming pool, the athletic field, the auditorium and the hostel rooms, have been lost to the more active Christians. What must be the thoughts of these monks as they go through their forms day after day, repeating prayers they cannot understand to a god which cannot hear, whose wooden eyes are shut, and which they themselves call the *Sleeping* Buddha, with no worshipers from one end of the year to the other,—and then see about them the happy faces of the Christians, worshiping a *Living* God, Who sees and understands and gives power,—power which is already at work in the regeneration of China and of China's individuals,—what *can* they think as they compare the Sleeping Buddha to the Living Christ? The old monks have been talked with about Christianity, so far without much result, but this year a Bible was presented to the head priest, and he was broad-minded enough to accept it. If he reads it, if he understands it, if he allows himself to think and is honest in his thoughts, I wonder how long the Sleeping Buddha will survive in the center of this "new Northfield" which is already so sacred to Christians.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN VISITOR TO EUROPE.

DEVASTATION IN FRANCE. II.

W. R. Moody.

Any endeavor to describe the scenes of devastation in France is met at the very outset with the serious difficulty that there is nothing with which to make comparison. Ordinarily one can at least indicate the character of a scene in general and then indicate its relative extent. But the battle areas of Flanders and France permit of no comparison.

At first one is tempted to ascribe a degree of similarity to some great fire-swept area where hundreds of dwellings have been burned, such as occurred in recent years in Baltimore or Chelsea. Here, to be sure, were extensive ruins and thousands made homeless. But even then only a given section of the city was destroyed and help and succor were immediately available. The duration of the fire was limited and, except in the case of the firemen, there was

DESOLATED HOMES.

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no real danger to those who hastened to the relief of those who were made homeless.

But in the battle-swept areas of Flanders and France there were no neighbors near at hand to offer immediate help. Cities were destroyed in their entirety and a strip of country extending from the Channel to Switzerland, varying in width from ten to twenty miles, and even more at certain points, bears mute testimony to the titanic throes of great nations in a life-and-death struggle.

Here upon this long battle line the youth of the allied nations bravely endured untold hardships, with implicit obedience went out to receive wounds, and with abandon of truest heroism even gave their lives unsparingly. The sacrifices during these four years have not yet been fully compiled. We only know that they are measured, not in tens, or scores, or even hundreds of thousands, but in millions. For all time this land, which has been deluged in the blood of the youth of the nations, will be sacred to their memory, and to the noble cause for which they gave their all.

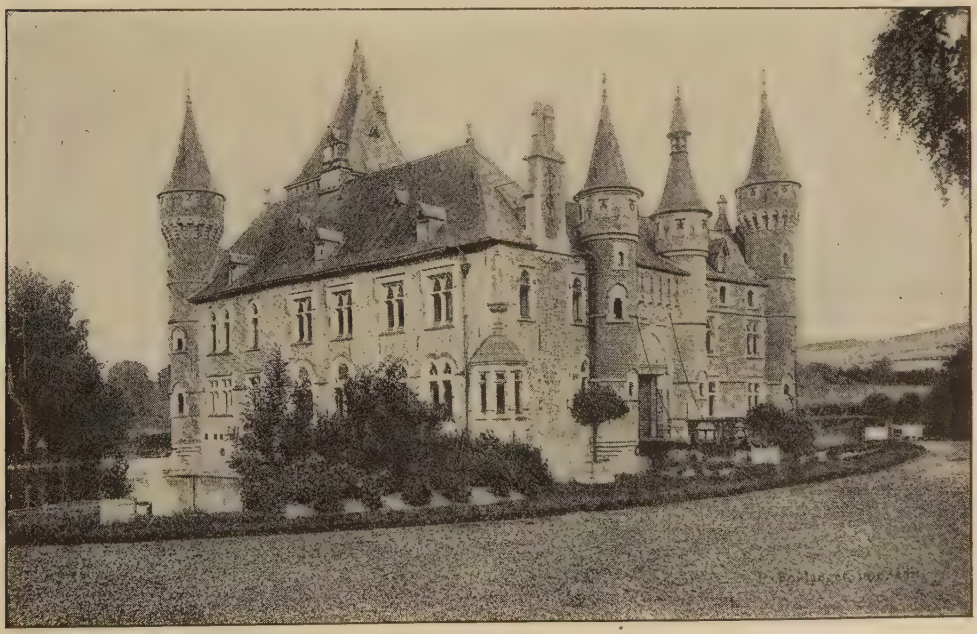
The very fields, covering thousands of square miles, are churned by shell fire. Where fighting has been longest and fiercest as at Gheluvelt, Ypres, Chemin des Dames and Verdun, what were once fertile meadows look now like a storm-tossed sea of earth, strewn with the wreckage and

wastage of war. And through this wilderness of ruin there run the trenches zigzagging away into the distance as far as the eye can reach in all directions. To picture the scene in all its grim and ghastly hideousness would challenge the power of a Carlyle. But impossible as it is to adequately describe the scenes that met us we may at least record the places visited and the impressions received.

It seemed fitting that it should be raining when we landed in Boulogne. The Channel crossing had been comparatively smooth, but with the receding coastline of England the November evening closed in upon us cold and wet. What memories it awakened of the heavy-hearted, homesick lads, who during the past four years have been steadily crossing to this inclement shore, to endure, to fight, to suffer and to die in behalf of Christian civilization and in the cause of Freedom!

Though the armistice had been signed the week before we arrived in France, the Channel boat was loaded with soldiers returning to the Continent after home-leave. Scores of uniformed girls of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, commonly termed *"waacs,"* and Red Cross nurses were also returning to duty. Here and there the brilliant scarlet band upon a cap indicated a staff officer upon special service, while numerous officers of the Royal Air Force, the Quartermaster's Department and Medical Service were also "crossing over." Among the civilians there was a Special Commission among whom the American Food Controller, Mr. Herbert Hoover, was readily recognizable.

Under normal conditions the landing in a French port seems to be attended with unusual confusion. But on this occasion it seemed peculiarly bewildering. As the throng of passengers, military and civilian, men and women, flowed down the gangway onto the quay it was merged in a crowd of porters, railway employees, customs officials, and gendarmes. "Tommies" and "Sammies" were there, drawn by a sense of longing to see someone fresh from England, and "Poilus" were there just for the sake of being in a crowd. The bumping of switching freight cars, the shrill whistle of locomotives, the thundering of heavy lorries, and the uninterrupted honking of motors seemed a suitable accompaniment to the scene. The swinging lanterns of the



Chateau Radinghem.

THE SQUARE AT RUINED ARRAS.

British Official Photo. Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

men at the switches and the glare of the motor lamps helped to lighten the dismal gloom of the cheerless night.

But the confusion was more apparent than real. The crowd rapidly dissolved into the night and we also were taken in charge by two English officers from General Headquarters, who had been detailed to conduct us to the "British front." A thirty-mile ride over what seemed in the darkness to be wild moorlands brought us to the Château Radinghem, where we were to be entertained during the next three days. Here we were received by Major Norrie, who was not only our genial host but our instructor and counselor and, together with the two conducting officers Captain Kennedy and Lieutenant Farrer, provided for our entertainment and comfort with a thoughtfulness that is characteristic of English hospitality. In preparation for the coming day's visit to the battle area of the British front our host explained the routes we would take, gave each one of the party a large-scale map, described the various actions, warned us against the dangers of unexploded shells and advised us to avail ourselves of a good night's rest in preparation for a strenuous day.

The three succeeding days were spent in motoring along the battle lines in which the English were chiefly engaged. The very names of the places will remind the readers of the character of the fighting. Some places changed hands several times and the entire sector was, at one time or another, the scene of the bitterest struggle. Along the sad and dreary way the sides of the road were strewn with broken gun carriages and transports, while here and there were huge munition "dumps," which the retreating enemy had not been able to destroy, or the advancing and victorious forces had left far in their rear. Fields half submerged in water stretched away on both sides of the road as far as the eye could reach. Wherever the land was dry, or even relatively so, it was deeply scarred by shell fire. Here and there we still saw the horses which had been killed while bringing forward the heavy munition trains, and the road itself, although in good repair, showed how constant had been the attention which it had required.

In conversation one day with a French officer at the Volney Club at Paris I asked how many shells he believed were used by the belligerents in one day's fighting. He explained that while stationed at Verdun the fighting had been relatively quiet, but even then the French were firing 200,000 shells a day, and it was natural to suppose that the Germans were replying with an equal number. He further explained that the output of the allied nations had not much more than met their actual daily demands, and he estimated that 1,600,000 was the number of shells used by the allied nations on the western front. On the following day, while traveling to the French front, I quoted this conversation to a British officer, who remarked that the figures were far too conservative. He made the startling statement that while in charge of a munition train behind the Fourth British Army he could testify to the fact that five million shells were used by that one army in four and a half days' fighting. Such figures are staggering to the mind, but they will give some conception of what the devastation is in a limited area which was under such intense fire.

Bethune was the first place where we saw widespread destruction but other places followed in quick succession. There were Lillers, La Bassée, Armentières, Scharpenburg, Ypres, and Gheluvelt. Then on the following days Arras, Gaurelle, Arieux, Vimy Ridge, Douai, Lens, Albert, St.-Pol, Bapaume, and Cambrai. It is trying to picture these places as they are—or more properly as they cease to be to-day—that defies all efforts. Entire towns which two or three years ago had populations of ten to thirty thousand are to-day but heaps of bricks. La Bassée and Ypres have hardly a wall standing. At one place there is a sign which reads "This is Hooge," but that alone indicates what was once a town. One of our conducting officers indicated another place by the roadside as a certain town. "But where *is* the town?" I inquired. "Here," he replied. "But where then are the ruins?" I asked. "Why, don't you see how red the earth is in that shell hole?" he said. "Well, that is brick dust and that shows where the town was." A little pulverized brick dust was all that remained of what was once a happy, industrious French hamlet.

LENS.

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GHELUVELT.

Canadian Official Photo. Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

Mile after mile as one motored along that dreary waste, the extent of destruction of modern warfare was borne in upon him. Barbed-wire entanglements were everywhere and trenches seemed to traverse the fields on every side. Dugouts lined the roadsides, while the stately trees that once shaded the roads were broken off, some four feet from the ground, others ten or twenty feet high, their splintered stumps appearing like huge bundles of toothpicks.

Strange scenes we met along the roads as well. Here is a party of Chinese coolies repairing the road, while just beyond we overtake several hundred German prisoners of war engaged in collecting war material. Heaps of steel helmets, rifles, bayonets, shell cases, ammunition of all calibers and kinds, clothing, haversacks, canteens, and every form of accoutrement are being heaped up for the salvage corps to collect. Then from this scene we come to one of a strangely different character for we overtake a peasant's two-wheel cart slowly passing along the road. In the vehicle is an elderly man with two or three little children and the vehicle is piled with all kinds of household utensils. Behind the cart a woman is trudging wearily along leading a cow. Obviously they are refugees returning to the ruins of what was but a short time before a home. It is a scene with which we become familiar, but it never loses its pathetic appeal to us. Later we see a group of five, an elderly man and apparently his daughter and her children, digging in a heap of bricks and stone seeking for some relics of the life which has been, but can never be again.

Here we meet a battery of heavy guns. They are camouflaged. They are German guns but have recently been captured by the French and are being taken to the rear. At Ypres, as we are standing by the ruins of the Cathedral and the great Cloth Hall, there comes by the British Fourth Army going to a rest camp. They have recently been under a severe strain and not so long ago were having heavy fighting, but here they come along with accoutrements clean and shining and ready for inspection.

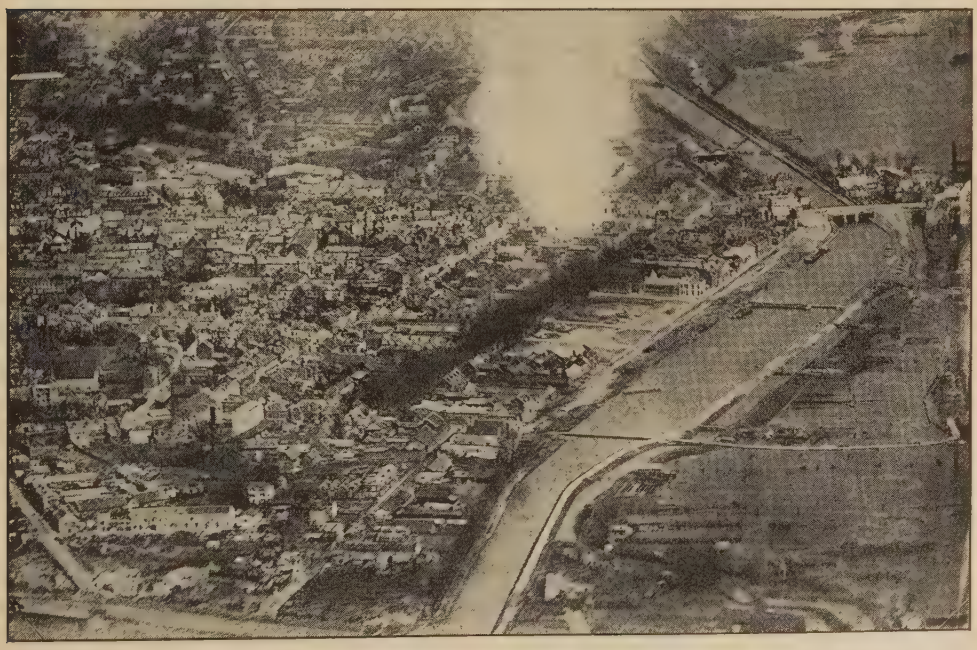
The visitor cannot help but be impressed with the splendid attention given to minor details on the part of the English army

which has contributed so much to the morale. Here are men who are not forgetful of punctilious care in relatively little things, even after a long and strenuous experience at the front.

Slowly we begin to understand the meaning of the hundreds of millions which the war has cost. We have seen, to be sure, the scenes of some of the severest fighting but this strip of 250 miles is, after all, but a part of a greater whole. There are hundreds of miles of battle areas in Italy, in Greece, the Balkan States, in Russia, in Mesopotamia and Syria, and Africa. All we have seen of the wastage and wreckage of war on this western front is but a sample of what has been destroyed on these other battle areas.

Never before has the ingenuity of men been so displayed in warfare. Aeroplanes have carried warfare even into the heavens and the destructive force of their bombs is to be distinguished from that of ordinary shells by the terrible demolition of the "direct hits," sometimes in a town far back from the lines. Another destructive instrument of war has been the "tank." These have been used with varying success. After the initial successes they have had their difficulties and at one point thirteen are to be counted abandoned in action in a flooded field.

But bewildering as the material destruction has been it is by no means the greatest loss. The frequency with which we pass military cemeteries makes them a familiar, but ever impressive sight. Had we seen many times more it could never have been otherwise. It is a sight to which one can never become indifferent. Though our conducting officers have long since become accustomed to the sight they never fail to salute the graves as they pass, thus paying a silent tribute to the memory of their companions in arms. Often there is a solitary grave by the roadside which tells its own pathetic tale of some poor boy whose grave must needs be where he fell. And not only by the roadside, but when the visitor traversed the long trenches, here and there he could still find a solitary wooden cross, or perhaps a group of crosses, indicating that in the midst of the grim scenes



Ruins of St. Quentin.

British Official Photo. Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

ALBERT HALF AN HOUR AFTER ITS EVACUATION BY THE GERMANS.

British Official Photo.
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of their struggle the boys had been laid to rest where they fell. In some ways this was fitting, for where could a more sacred grave be found for the soldier in the cause of Freedom than in that land which will be forever glorified by his noble deeds?

Two days behind the French lines, visiting Noyon, St. Quentin, and Verdun, and another day behind the American lines from Chaumont to Neufchateau and the St. Mihiel sector, gave a still more extended view of the battle line. The aspect of things did not greatly differ, whether it was behind the scenes of the British, French, or American fighting. Chemin des Dames like Gheluvelt bore evidences of the grim struggle which raged so fiercely, while at St. Mihiel and Verdun we saw again evidences of the same spirit which was manifested at Ypres. Armies unequaled in the history of the world were arrayed against one another, each availing itself of all that modern science can provide for the destruction of human life, each fighting for its own ideal, one contending for the survival of a pagan philosophy that might is right, a denial of the Christian conception of God, and for the maintenance of a blasphemous autocracy. Against this was arrayed the youth of the free peoples, cherishing common ideals of freedom, under the leadership of men who acknowledged the sovereignty of a God of justice, and mercy, as revealed to man in Jesus Christ. The conflict was long and bitter, but those who saw the real issues had faith to believe, even from the first, that the Central Powers had within themselves the elements of their own ultimate destruction, which time has already revealed.

Demolished villages, with ruined cathedrals and factories, are but the outward symbol of a vast social upheaval. Buildings can be rebuilt, and even improved, but there are associations which can never be restored. Communities which have long cherished common traditions and labored in common interests are scattered, never again to be reunited.

Churches in ruins bespeak a still deeper ruin in the homes that will never be reunited. The labor of generations has been expended in the cultivation of those fields which were once so fertile but now bear only a barren crop of the engines of destruction. And if the land itself presents a sad picture, what of those who once tilled the land? War has gleaned them as they once gleaned their fields and millions of the youth of the allied nations has been the price that has been paid for the preser-

"WAR HAS GLEANED THEM."

British Official Photo.
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YPRES CATHEDRAL AND CLOTH HALL.

British Official Photo. Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

vation of the ideals of Freedom against which the Central Powers contended.

It is the realization of the grim significance that lies behind the obvious that adds to the difficulty of describing the impressions one receives in the battle area. One really *feels* rather than sees the region. As in the case of Westminster Abbey, one could never adequately describe in architectural terms the great edifice. It is not so much a place to be seen as a great memory and hallowed association to be experienced. One does not see Westminster, one feels it. Here are commemorated that great host of Britain's noble sons whose lives have enriched a world by exalted heroism, sacrificing service and inspiring precept.

So along the battlefields of Flanders and France one feels rather than sees that which is of deepest interest. Beyond the mist of the ruins of Ypres there are the valiant soldiers whom Germany termed "contemptibles," who endured to the end; in the slime and filth of Gheluvelt one can hear again the spirit of England's youth as it rallies the ranks: "Play up! Play up! and play the game!" while forbidding Verdun will be forever glorious, for here the soul of France was transfigured before the world and Germany was defied by the challenge, "You shall not pass!"

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE OVER DEATH.

Rev. J. Edgar Park.

The world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever. 1 John ii. 17.

The immortality of the soul is a question which can be learnedly discussed. The head has much to say upon it. But the heart of the question is the heart. "Shall I live again?" is a point we can coolly sit and argue about. But the burning issue is not that more or less academic discussion. The way in which this ancient problem presents itself to the modern mind is not any more in the form, "Shall I live again?" It is in this form, as we sit by the bedside, so strangely quiet now, or as we handle the inexorable dispatch from the War Office: "Shall I ever see my child, my friend, again?" A little sigh softer than the breath of even, a little flutter of the lips as though a word were breathed, and we are left wondering, Shall I ever meet this soul again? That is the question that faces everyone who dares to love.

As for ourselves, our own immortality, especially in youth, does not seem to be worth much discussion; we sometimes feel like Lafcadio Hearn when he said to his wife: "Don't make any announcement of my death. If anyone asks, say, 'Oh, he died some time ago'; that will be quite proper." As for ourselves we would like to slip away and let our work speak for itself. The crowning dishonor would be that our friends should make an effort to remember

Rev. J. Edgar Park.

us. Let our memory be a fruitful impulse in some human life, or let it go the way of the tin wreaths and immortelles and gravestones, for there is no value in it.

But it is for those we loved we crave this boon: Shall we ever meet them again? Our own immortality is just a reflection of theirs. If they live, it follows as the day the night, we shall live also. For they love us. Shall we ever meet our dead again? Shall we recognize them in the next world? Before these questions can be answered comes this question, "Have we ever recognized them while they have been in this world?"

Our acquaintance with most people is simply an acquaintance with their appearance, the sound made by their vocal chords, and the interchange of the usual truisms of the home and time. There are many living in the same home whose sole knowledge of each other lies in their mutual comfort. "She was such a comfortable soul to have around, she knew just how many lumps of sugar I like in my coffee, just how to fix the lights in the evening and just what both to say and not to say. She had such soft and beautiful hair and moved so gracefully." That was all he recognized in her. She liked him the same way. Yet perchance her soul was a flame, his soul a great blue surging sea, and yet neither ever knew it. For those who are recognized by us here merely in such ways, no matter how much we miss them, how can we hope to meet them again and know them? The vocal chords are dust, the soul we never knew.

But there are some people whom we do recognize in this life. While most of our knowledge of others is confined to appearances and conventional reactions to ordinary ideas, yet there are some perhaps whom we know in a deeper and more perfect way. We have found something in them more than their mere characteristic way of expressing themselves, something of their being has become part of our being. They are part of our vital energy even when we do not see them or hear their voices. The great experience of Easter is the experience that when you have really found another soul, then death cannot take that possession from you.

Of course, in this art we are all infants. Only one Soul lived so triumphantly as to make this experience certain to all who love Him. Jesus could not be holden of death. Jesus appeared after His Death only to those who loved Him. This is true, I think, even in the case of Paul. Jesus met a man for a few moments only, but in that time His soul became linked up with the man's soul. And to that relation death itself made no difference. I am conscious now and all times of a particular flavor in the universe, a definite personal touch in my inner life which seems to me to be the action upon mine of the living soul of Jesus.

This experience which time has found to be so triumphant and universal in the case of Jesus is just a foretaste and prophecy of the possibilities which lie in the communion of love with all souls in whom the spirit of the Master dwells. Lincoln's death made practically no difference to the living power wielded by his personality upon the soul of America and the world. And Theodore Roosevelt, the most vital personality of our time, flows in all our veins whether we call ourselves admirers of him or not. When Jesus rose again from the dead, He did not mean it to be

an isolated experience. He meant to be "the firstfruits of them that slept."

The same experience which the disciples had with the spirit of the risen Lord can also be ours, in part, with the spirit of every soul whom we have recognized and loved on earth. This is true not merely of the big, vital, world-dominating personalities, but of the quiet, modest souls which make life worth living for most of us. Many of us have had a teacher in early life who has believed in us and expected great things of us, whose soul has been urging us on, stimulating us to greater achievement ever since. Some who have not had the experience say it is just the memory of the teacher which has this effect. To those who know, it is like saying that it is the memory of the steam which it had in port that keeps the ocean liner forging onwards through storm and calm the endless, endless leagues to the far distant goal.

You remember how Donald Hankey tells us of the death of "The Beloved Captain," who had been so great an inspiration to his men, whose simple look of displeasure and disappointment was a thing that his men would do anything to avoid, whose smile was worth living for and worth working for, who was always there himself whenever any tiresome job had to be done. Well, he was killed trying to rescue some of his men who had been buried in the trench by a torpedo.

"But he lives. Somehow he lives. And we who knew him do not forget. We feel his eyes on us. We still work for that wonderful smile of his. There are not many of the old lot left now; but I think that those who went West have seen him. When they got to the other side I think they were met. Some One said: 'Well done, ... good and faithful servant.' And as they knelt before that gracious, pierced Figure, I reckon they saw near by the captain's smile. Anyway, in that faith let me die, if death should come my way; and so, I think, I shall die content."

"God is not the God of the dead, but of the living," and if the inspiration and power of the captain's eyes still is God's living law for us, then the Captain lives, and we shall be met. Something like that is the almost unconscious reasoning the heart supplies to the head, as we hear in our moments of need the voice of mother or father or teacher still a power to comfort and control.

It is interesting to see how the disciples came into communication with the spirit of their dead Master. They did not set out for Endor to visit a firm there that had had for years a world-wide reputation for raising the spirits of dead persons. No note is made of the purchase of apparatus, or engagement of mediums, or sittings. No, they simply went back to the countryside which He loved, and took the walks He liked to take, and talked about the things which He was interested in, and lo! they found their hearts burning within them with an authenticity as to His presence which could not be denied. This Brotherhood of the Burning Heart is the foundation for all true belief in immortality.

The way to find our dead is not through a strange woman who never knew him but who has some queer gifts we cannot understand, and who seems at times to have flashes of insight about his clothes and attitudes and gestures. No, the way to find our dead is not by material means. It is by love: the book he and I read together; the music he and I heard together; the game he and I played together; the road he and I walked together. But most of all, the thoughts he and I thought together; the work he and I did together; the ideals he and I lived together; the prayers he and I said together. In these regions of the spirit he is still to be found even as Jesus was to be found in the country roads of Galilee, and on the Sabbath afternoon walk to Emmaus, and in the thoughts about the Messiah and His kingdom, and in the friendliness of the Upper Room, and in the Garden. No such vivid assurance perchance can be ours as was theirs. But those who seek aright shall find enough to be satisfied. Indeed, how little of material assurance does lover need of lover! In Kipling's beautiful Easter story called "They," all that was needed was "a little brushing kiss which fell into the centre of my palm—a fragment of a mute code devised very long ago." Then he knew. No more proof was needed. He never had to come to test the matter again. His child—with all the little ancient ways and coyness and shy love—was still alive.

The Easter message then is this: So live with the people around you now that you may be able to find them hereafter! The man sits in the narrow room before the fire with one he loves. Perhaps an hour after he is in a place of festivity with thousands of others. Think you among them all he will be able to find the one face which an hour ago shone for him alone in the firelight? If he has found her soul, the change in dress will not confuse him. Straight he will move onward, seeking till he finds. There is no hope for those who selfishly together seek merely a good time. Nay, rather, link up your soul in heroic service with other souls whom you love, suffer and triumph with them and you will come to know them with a knowledge that death cannot touch and you will find it true that "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

All around us the apple and cherry buds are swelling and glistening with promise of a new life. What is going to happen? Ask Winter. Winter does not know, is rather apt to be pessimistic as to the chances of anything happening. Winter is inclined to think this is the end. The snow is going. The ice is going. All the familiar look of things is doomed. But the truth is that it is Winter who is dying. The trees are just on the point of bursting out into life! So it is we who are dying. They who have met Spring, which we call Death, are bursting out into the glory and grandeur of a new and lovelier life!

We see death from the point of view of the dying. Even from our mortal point of view death is a loosening of the bonds that bind the spirit, a broadening and deepening of personal influence, a triumph of love over limitation, the transient made eternal in the life of the race, the soul alive forever not in one body but in a multitude that no man can number. But what must it be to see death from the point of view of the living who have passed through it and triumphed over it! Ah, that, no one of us can tell. We here exhaust our powers of imagination. Great white thrones, and glassy seas, and golden harps, and songs of praise sung by choirs of all nations and kindreds and tongues with palms in their hands and starry crowns upon their heads,—all this fails even to image for us the wonderful surprise that awaits us when in Sir Thomas More's phrase we shall "all meet and be merrie in heaven." Then we shall have all our joys and all our friends not in ones and tens but in ten thousand times ten thousand:

"O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimm'd with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate."

These are the ways we try to imagine the unimaginable. But for most of us heaven will be a corner in the wide house where we shall meet again the dear ones in whose face we have seen in this life the face of Jesus, from whose heart we have learned the love of Jesus, and who have by their self-sacrifice taught our feet to walk in the way that has led us at last to such unimagined bliss. They at length will bring us into His presence, and in His smile which is the love of God we shall begin to be all that He wants us to be.

Heaven is here. It is not far away. It is somehow just another way of looking at what we see. It is just the other side of the visible. To us who have seen the boys die for their country, their souls live on in the consecrated power added to the force of the nation and the world. They live in us. They live in our institutions and traditions. They live as the burning heart of the conscience of the world. They will be the teachers of our young for a thousand years. Their voice will still the turmoil of selfishness in our marts and assemblies long after their names are forgotten. They rule the world. Unseen by us their great sacrifice has made them arbiters of our destinies. Their blood has not been lost on the fields of Flanders, it courses in our veins. In spite of ourselves we must be nobler because of what they have done, because they are of the "great cloud of witnesses" whose eyes are upon us. That is their resurrection as we see it and know it. What must it be to see it and know it with their new spiritual eyes!

Perhaps to be conscious that one has not died in vain, perhaps to feel that one lives not in one body merely but in the life of a world, perhaps that is the inspiration that fires their hearts to-day in endless bliss, as they go forward on a path in which they will find more than all the life and love which here they so gladly gave up for us.

But the cry of many a tender human heart is this: If these things are really so, why has God not made them plain, why should they be so dark, so hard to believe, so capable of being doubted? It would have been so easy for God to have given us all indisputable proofs which would be so clear that the question could never even be doubted or disputed again. Why has He not done so?

We do not see that faith in immortality is an achievement which must be won by every soul and cannot be given from without to any. Faith in immortality is an achievement of love. It is an experience which can only come to those who have loved. It is not a plain fact to the idle looker-on. Only on the high pinnacles of life like those which the earliest disciples trod on the Resurrection morn is it clear as noonday. Elsewhere it is a great hope, a prayer, a longing, a heroic faith.

If God were to yield to our weakness and draw back the curtain, and let us know all that comes after death clearly, what would the result be? It would add to our responsibilities, it would distract us from our duties, giving us two worlds instead of one to attend to, it would awaken further meandering lines of curiosity as to still other worlds. But more than these, it would rob this life of its highest possibilities of human greatness by reducing all real devotion to cool calculation. We would know then and not have to dare.

It would rob life of its supreme test of courage, the facing of the unknown for a great cause. All heroism would simply become prudence. It would rob life of the supreme test of love, the loving of the unseen, the trust in the great Friend. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." It would rob life of the supreme test of unselfishness, the giving up for others of our joy, with no surety that we should receive reward in the time to come.

How much wiser is God's way, to give us life and love, to give us Christ, and then to ask us to trust the love that has made our home of life so pleasant, to lead us on! As far as you and I are concerned there is nothing fixed and sure and calculated about this future life. It depends upon us, upon our lives to-day. Eternal happiness hangs on the passing day's response. We are making our heaven and the heaven of our dear ones by these days' thoughts and words and deeds.

"The common deeds of the common day,
Are ringing bells in the far away."

But as immersed in work for the welfare of our fellows our days are spent in honest toil, when the evening comes we shall see the night glorious with its myriad stars and hear with faith the words of the Master, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

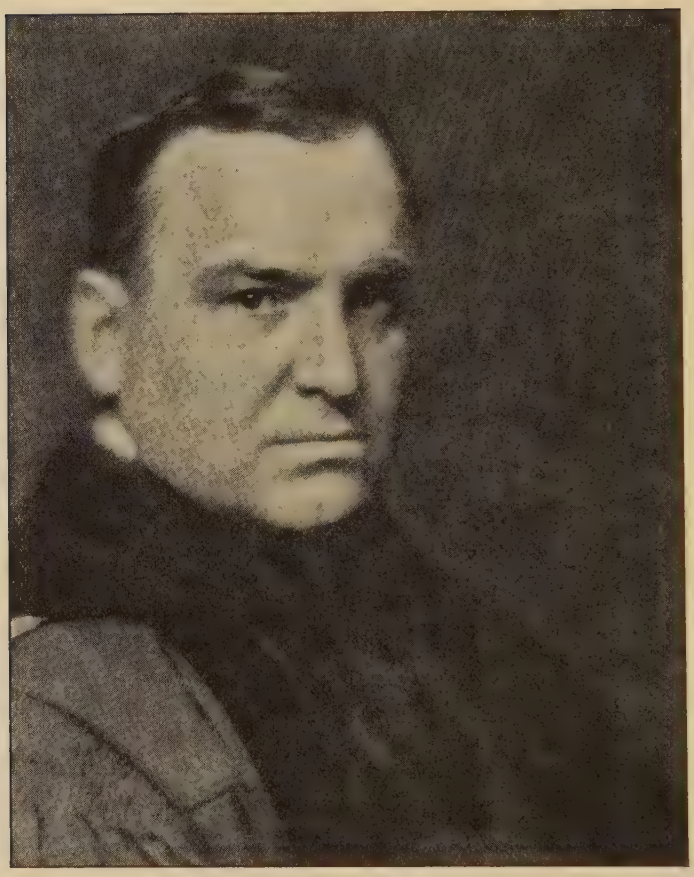
THE RESURRECTION BODY.

Rev. Harris E. Kirk, D.D.

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? 1 Cor. xv. 35.

This is not a curious question, but one that rises from the constitution of human nature. There are two ways of thinking of life beyond death: one from the point of view of the immortality of the soul; the other from the point of view of the resurrection of the body.

The Resurrection of Christ was not designed to prove the immortality of the soul, but to give assurance of the resurrection of the body. The immortality of the soul can be proved with a reasonable degree of probability by arguments drawn from the constitution of human nature, but the resurrection of the body depends for its proof upon an actual demonstration of that fact within the sphere of human history. The



Rev. Harris E. Kirk, D.D.

Photo by P. S. Culotta, Baltimore.

ancients had a fairly well-developed doctrine of immortality, but this of itself was never sufficient, for man has never been able to contemplate disembodied existence with any favor. Such a life at its best was one of deprivation and loss. What human nature longs for is some assurance that the future life shall bear some resemblance to this life; and we cannot contemplate the future with any degree of satisfaction apart from existence in a bodily form.

For this reason the Resurrection of Christ as an actual fact of human history was designed to demonstrate the truth of bodily resurrection and give assurance and satisfaction to the natural cravings of the human heart. It is not required that each succeeding generation should be actual witnesses of this fact, but that the truth of it should be transmitted through a reliable tradition. Paul has devoted the preceding section of this great chapter to such a discussion. He shows how the Resurrection of Jesus is one of the best-attested facts of human history.

Paul's argument on this point deserves a moment's consideration. He does not teach that the purpose of Christ's Resurrection was to give assurance of personal immortality. That it does clarify this conception is of course quite true, but to do this was not its purpose. The Resurrection of Christ presupposes the truth of personal immortality, and its specific purpose was to give assurance of the fact of bodily resurrection; to show that man's life beyond the grave was to be an embodied existence. It is a mistaken use of

the doctrine to describe the Resurrection as a symbol of immortality. The New Testament, the only document on which we can depend for information on this subject, nowhere describes the Resurrection as a symbol; but on the contrary teaches that it was a historic fact; an actual happening within the sphere of human history. It was as much a fact of human history as the Birth, Life, Death and Burial of Christ. If His Death was a fact, so was His Resurrection. To call it a symbol of the renaissance of the spiritual as is so often done in our time is mere rhetoric, both false and unconvincing. A symbolic Resurrection would not only fail to give assurance of bodily resurrection, but would hardly clarify the idea of personal immortality. Now the tradition of an actual historic Resurrection of Jesus is as well attested a fact of Biblical truth as any we have. Not only have we the general consensus of the Apostolic Church, supported by the amazing vitality of the Gospel propaganda itself, which professed to derive its power from the fact of the Resurrection, but we have such witnesses as Peter, and James and Paul. To my way of thinking the most impressive argument for the historic reality of Christ's Resurrection is derived from Paul's religious experience. He knew the consequences of denial; he knew what would happen if this fact were proved to be false; and yet his entire life and ministry were founded upon this fact, and reinforced by his religious experience.

This being true, what practical bearing has this great fact upon man's natural longing for a bodily resurrection? That is the meaning of the question in the text: "How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?" Paul endeavors to answer this question. He does not profess to know all about it. His argument is characterized by reticence and confidence; he avoids mere speculation, and keeps as far as possible to the practical bearing of the truth upon the present life; and the moral and spiritual suggestions rising from his discussion are quite convincing.

His argument for the reality of the resurrection body moves along three lines: First, that death is the gateway to life in a body; secondly, that this new body will bear certain resemblances to the present body; and thirdly, that this new body will in certain respects be different from the present body.

I. Death is the Gateway to Life in a Body. How shall we think of that subtle, mysterious change we call death? We know that when the body dies and is buried, it decays. Every material particle of it is assimilated to the ground. Is it therefore gone forever? Does it imply that whatever future the soul may have, it must necessarily be a disembodied existence? Who knows? Who shall answer this most pressing question? Not the philosopher, for his speculations lose their force before the fact of death; not the scientist, for all that he knows of natural phenomena constrains him to deny the hope. When a man dies, it seems as if this at least were the end of the body. At any rate that body is gone. So we turn to revelation, to faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, to the experience of one who has trusted his all to the word of life, and what can be said from this point of view? Much that is true and encouraging, but its value depends entirely upon one's faith in Christ. If a man have no faith in Jesus, arguments drawn from the revelation of Jesus can do little to convince him. Paul's entire argument proceeds upon the assumption that he is addressing Christian faith. He is appealing to those who believe in the fact, and who are asking the how of the thing: "How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?"

Paul begins with the grim fact of death, and by analogy likens the experience unto the sowing of a grain of wheat. To die is to be sown.

Now what happens when a grain of wheat is sown? First, it begins to decay; every part of the original grain is assimilated to the soil. But wrapped in this physical envelope is a mysterious vital principle. This vital principle decay has no power to destroy; but must under proper conditions release and develop it. In truth, decay is necessary for its release and growth. That vital principle released by decay comes forth; it rises to new life above the soil, in due season it heads out full grain. Imagine the wonder and surprise of the man who first discovered this

fact; who learned that by the loss of its present life the grain had power to realize a future life, richer, fuller than the old. He would see at once that this larger, fuller life depended for its realization upon the decay and death of the old. In other words, the decay of the grain was the gateway to life. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." So is it, says the great Apostle, with the death of the Christian. Christianity frankly faces the fact of decay, and assimilation to the earth; but death for the believer is precisely like the sowing of a corn of wheat. Death is the gateway of life; a necessary experience in the realization of man's future self. Except a man be put into the ground and die, he abideth alone; but if he fall into the ground and die, he bringeth forth much fruit. Man's full development depends upon the experience of death. How does he know this? Paul answers, Because Christ rose from the dead. "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept." Just as the first green shoots that appear on the gray fields in the early spring indicate the coming harvest, so does the great fact of Christ's Resurrection on the bleak fields of human experience indicate the coming resurrection of those who fell asleep in the confident hope of His salvation. How impressively does this outlook compare with the drab expectation of those who look to death as the last enemy, and with nameless dread shrink from the life beyond, because they can only think of it as a disembodied existence, a life at best of loss and deprivation! The difference in the Christian outlook was not due to an assurance of personal immortality (for this of itself would have been insufficient) but to the impressive fact that Christ's bodily Resurrection proved that the life beyond death was an embodied life. Just as the vital principle of the grain sown emerged from the ground clothed in a body, even so should those who fell asleep in Jesus rise from the dead clothed in bodily form.

II. The Point of Likeness between the Body Sown and the Body Raised. Again Paul uses analogy to establish the principle that God gives to every organism a likeness appropriate to its nature. It required no argument to prove that when the vital principle of the wheat came forth from the ground, it came clothed in the likeness of the seed sown. If you sow wheat, it rises as wheat; if you sow barley, it rises as barley. God gives to every organism a body appropriate to its nature. "All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial. . . . . There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead."

The terrible fact of bodily decay has always been the most difficult obstacle in the way of faith in a bodily resurrection. We know when a body is planted in the earth that in a few years every material particle of that body will have disappeared. So far as that particular bodily envelope is concerned it is gone forever, just as the identical grain of wheat is gone, when it has fully decayed. How then can we attach any real importance to the resurrection of our bodies? What avail will a body be, if it be not that identical body which we have loved and cared for, those precisely familiar features which have distinguished one individual from another?

Paul frankly faces this very human objection. He does not seek to evade the issue. On the contrary, he says that the body laid in the ground decays and goes to dust. But he asserts that the body which shall rise from the grave shall be of the same likeness as the body sown. The point that confuses us here is the question of personal identity. We imagine that personal identity is in some way vitally connected with the material particles of the body, and if you destroy the actual material of this present body, you destroy in some essential fashion the identity of the personality which inhabits it. But this is a great mistake. Personal identity is in no wise connected with the actual material particles of the body. The body itself is just an instrument; its sole value is derived from its adaptation to the needs and requirements of the spirit which lives in it. The truth is that our bodies are constantly

changing. We know that the human body is renewed every seven years, and that a man of forty-nine has had seven distinct bodies; and yet at every stage of his life he has been the same man; his individual peculiarities have been transmitted to each successive body; and it matters little to the individuality of a man whether he renew his body every seven years by slow process of growth, or whether he get a body instantaneously at the resurrection. The point of importance is that the body shall fittingly adapt itself to the requirements of the particular individual who inhabits it. And that is precisely Paul's meaning. The body that is sown is not the body which shall be. But the new body shall be like the old body in this, that it shall be adapted to the requirements of the human personality. This does not simply mean that a man shall be known as a human being, but that this adaptation of body to organism shall extend to the individuality of the man. "One star differeth from another star in glory," as every amateur astronomer knows. You would never, were you once to see them through the telescope, confuse Capella with Antares, or Vega with Arcturus; not only because of their positions in the sky, but because of the peculiar colors which make each of them a distinct individuality. One man differs from another man in individuality. That we shall know our friends in the future life by those individual peculiarities which have made them so dear to us in this life, is a question which we can answer with absolute certainty. For if God makes one star to differ from another star in glory, because He has given to everything a likeness appropriate to its nature, it is not difficult to infer that we shall know each other in that individual aspect which gives to the human personality its distinctive value and charm. If the resurrection body is to be a perfect medium for the expression of the personality which uses it, it must mean individual expression in every case, since individuality is the only satisfactory form of personality that we know. To this extent at least the body raised and the body sown shall be alike.

III. The Points of Difference between the Body Sown and the Body Raised. These points of difference throw the clearest possible light upon the remarkable changes which take place in the resurrection body, and go far to confirm our hopes and anticipations of the future.

1. *"It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption."* "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption." A great change must first take place in the body itself; in its normal state it cannot bear the glories and responsibilities of the future. It must therefore be sown and die; it must undergo the discipline of the grave.

"It is sown a natural body;" it is subject to the laws of nature, and in its present state of imperfection is not able to bear them. Its earthly lot is one of pain, suffering and death. Nothing illustrates more impressively man's capacity and limitation than his struggle with decay and death. What marvelous progress has marked the advance of medical science in our time! We can check decay and postpone death, but there is a world of meaning in that word "postpone." We cannot conquer death, nor permanently stay corruption. We belong to a faded and failing race, and the body is the perquisite of the worm. The time comes to all, high and low alike, when man must exchange the services of the physician for those of the minister of religion; not that we expect religion to do for us what the physician cannot do, for the Gospel frankly tells us we must die; but that we look to religion to give us compensation for the inevitable foreclosure of death.

Death for the Christian is the final word of natural law. It is the very worst that nature can visit upon us. Moreover, God has made the fell destroyer to be the minister who unlocks the gate of a new life to the body itself. Death cannot operate without releasing the principle of life. Just as decay wakens the slumbering vitality of the corn of wheat, so death quickens even while it slays. The body is "sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption." When the body rises it passes at a bound from the control of natural law; it has had its last fling with decay; it will never die again.

2. *"It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory."* We cannot dissociate death from sin. Death somehow seems to be the last stage of the infliction of a curse. It

is humiliating to be sick; it is dishonoring to die, and all finely wrought souls have felt this. I can understand a strong man's desire to suffer alone; we often violate the sacred privacy of the sick room, and take a mean advantage of the man who has fought and lost his last fight, when we crowd round his bier and stare at his wasted face. To pay this last debt to nature, to lie inert in the grave, prey of the worm,

"To die, to cease
And mid quick nature's teeming turmoil, lie
Mere earth, a clot of trampled ooze,"

is always a humiliating experience. But this is not the last word. "It is sown in dishonour;" but "it is raised in glory"; changed into the likeness of that glorious body with which our Lord and Saviour came from the grave.

3. *"It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power."* We know other forms of weakness than physical; there is a sort of moral weakness which seems to rise from the body itself. We both love and hate our bodies. We love them because they are our houses; we do not like to see the old home falling to pieces, we do not wish to move out of the old familiar haunts; hence we regret the lessening power of the senses, the gradual loss of the grace and vitality of youth, and we cling to the body even when it is in an advanced state of decay. We love them, but we hate them, too, for they seem to offer great hindrances to the growth of mind and spirit. They must be fed and clothed and put to bed; precious hours are wasted in their care, and even then they move sluggishly far behind the aims of the mind or the inspirations of the soul. Furthermore, they have appetites and passions which bring temptation upon us, and they interfere with our spiritual progress. We need not be surprised that the ancients thought the seat of sin to be the body itself. They even looked upon death as a great release of the spirit from the thraldom of the body; but no sooner had this thought occurred to them than they lighted upon another more fearsome, the thought of disembodied existence. After all it was better to

"bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

With what passionate intensity did the Egyptians embalm the body, and enshrine it in tombs that have outlasted the centuries! Yes, there is a shame in weakness, especially those weaknesses that lead to sin.

But when the body rises, it rises to power. Think of having a body that never tempts you to sloth or sin, but that responds to every demand of your spirit as a fine organ to the touch of a master player. When we die we have had our last fling with temptation, sloth and weakness. We have definitely and utterly left behind us all that can hamper or limit the spirit, and are facing a world wherein the soul shall come into its own.

4. *"It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body."* What the spiritual body is in essence we do not know. It is clear, however, that a natural body is a body dependent upon physical means for its life. It lives on a vital principle; withdraw that principle and the body would die. But it is raised a spiritual body. A spiritual body is a body that lives upon the spiritual principle which inhabits it. A natural body lives upon animal vitality; a spiritual body upon spiritual vitality.

We know something of this in this life. There is a proverb which says that "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" If your spirit is strong and resourceful you can carry a great load of physical affliction; but if your spirit be broken and depressed, you will fall an easy prey to disease and death. All that is meant by rising to incorruption, glory, and power is involved in having a spiritual body. It is a body perfectly adapted to the needs of the glorified spirit which lives in it, and from that spirit it derives its life.

Thus we see that while there is in the nature of the case much mystery about the future, we have certain definite ways of looking at that body which shall be.

The power of this hope for the present life is derived from a definite faith in the Lord Jesus, and not from speculative arguments. "Christ is . . . . become the firstfruits of them that slept." The richness of this hope comes not from our ability to understand the manner or method of its realization, but from a growing com-

munion with the living Lord of glory. As your faith is, so shall your strength be.

The spirit which shall animate and glorify the resurrection body is a spirit which begins its growth in this world. "As is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly." Our first duty is to make full proof of this life; to "follow on to know the LORD" until we have experienced "the power of his resurrection." Spiritual bodies are for spiritual men. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also": or, as Dr. South puts it, "No man ever went to heaven whose heart was not there before."

Let us look well to the moral direction of our hearts. We know not the power of our bodies to express the latent possibilities of our spirits. They are like a great organ, which under the hand of a novice has little power; but under the control of a master spirit what harmony, what glory lie revealed in that curious combination of pipes and keys! So put on Christ in the moral habit and disposition of life, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfill its lawless desires. To put on Christ is to know "the power of an endless life." By so doing we shall not only gain a victory over the grave, but be able to meet death with George Herbert's soft defiance:

"Death, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
But since our Saviour's death did put some blood
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for, as a good.
Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithful grave,
Making our pillows either down, or dust."

AN APPRECIATION.

W. R. Moody.

Whoever records the varied forms of Christian activity in and about New York City during the past fifty years will have occasion to make frequent references to the names of **Daniel W. McWilliams** and **Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D. D.,** two devoted souls, who have recently passed to their reward. To enumerate the causes with which they were identified is to mention the leading Christian organizations, to which they gave of their time, sympathy and means. While distinctively evangelical work commanded their first interest, they were both men whose horizons were broad, and who gladly coöperated, as far as they could, in every good work.

It was not alone in the work in their own city, or even in the homeland, that they took an interest, for they were equally engaged in the work of the Church in distant lands.

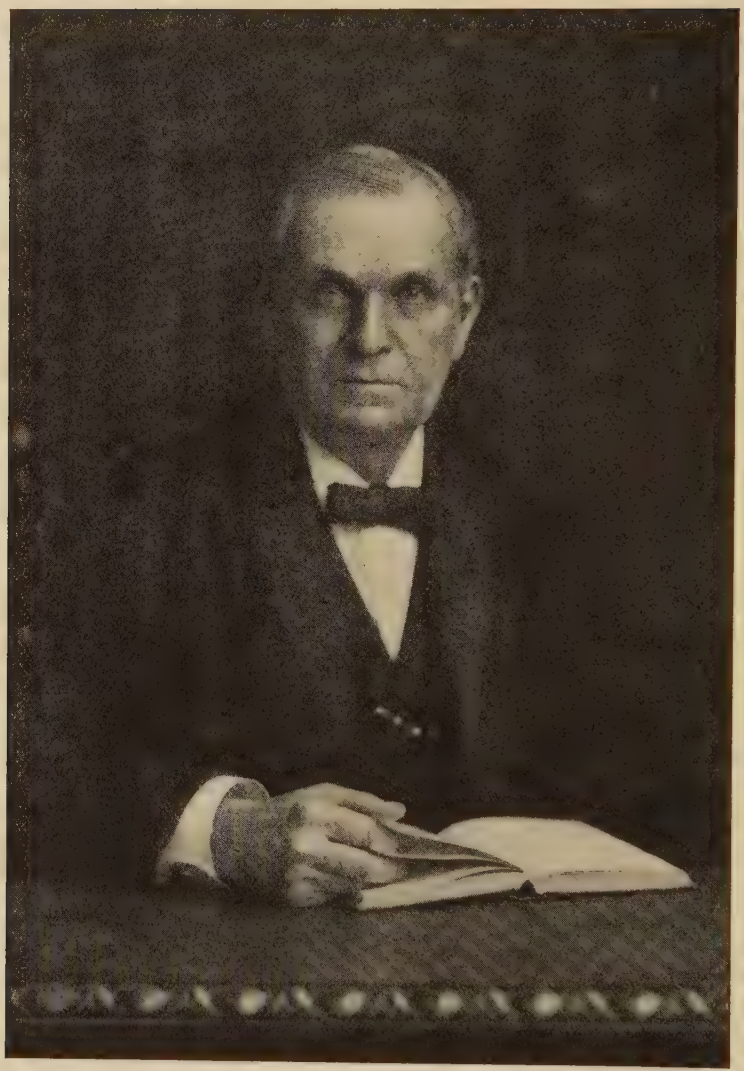
The first of these two was **Mr. Daniel W. McWilliams** of Brooklyn, who passed away on January 7. For many years Mr. McWilliams took an active part in the direction of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A., giving generously of his time and means to the organization. In 1884 he erected the Central Branch on Fulton Street. On various boards of Y. M. C. A. administration, in the city, in the state, in the nation, and in the army and navy, Mr. McWilliams was active.

Another object which claimed a large degree of his interest was General Armstrong's work in behalf of negro education at Hampton Institute.

As a member of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, he was a faithful attendant at the meetings, and followed closely the work of his denomination in the mission field.

But with these varied activities, he was not indifferent to the demands of his own church. For more than twenty-five years as an elder of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, and superintendent of the Sunday school, he collaborated with the late Dr. Theodore Cuyler, so many years his pastor, and whose memory he ever fondly cherished.

An evidence of his interest in behalf of



Mr. Daniel W. McWilliams.

work among children was his trusteeship in the American Sunday School Union.

From an early age Mr. McWilliams had been a member of the Presbyterian Church, and was careful to maintain his church membership when business engagements took him West.

It was while living in Peoria, acting as treasurer of the Toledo, Peoria & Warsaw Railroad Company, that he first met Mr. D. L. Moody. The acquaintance of those early years ripened into an intimate friendship, and he became Mr. Moody's valued counselor and colaborer in the Northfield work, serving as a trustee on the board of The Northfield Schools, from their inception. The friendship between these two men was like that of David and Jonathan, characterized by the deepest mutual affection and confidence. He was Mr. Moody's most intimate friend, to whom he turned most frequently for advice and counsel, and to whom he gave his fullest confidence.

It must not be thought that Mr. McWil-

liams was a man of leisure, and could give his time to these varied activities without personal sacrifice. On the contrary, he was a man who bore for many years heavy business responsibilities, serving for more than thirty-seven years as treasurer and secretary of the Manhattan Railway Company, and from 1904 to 1908 he held the position of treasurer of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. He was also a member of the board of directors of several trust companies and banks, as well as one of the original directors of the Brooklyn Public Library.

In Mr. McWilliams' life there is fulfilled the promise to those "who dwell in the secret place of the Most High," for with long life did God satisfy him. He lived to the advanced age of nearly eighty-two, and had the unspeakable joy of seeing his family interested in the things which had been paramount in his life.

The other notable personality whose counsel will be widely missed, and whose diligence as a student of God's Word has been the means of awakening many to a deeper interest in the Scriptures, is the **Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D. D.,** for many years President of the New York City Mission Society.

Born of a missionary family in Constantinople, Dr. Schauffler always maintained a deep interest in the work of foreign missions, especially in connection with the field of his father's labors. This interest led him to visit the Near East on a number of occasions, and his command of several languages, including Turkish, gave him unusual facilities for observation. He was trustee of Robert College, and also deeply interested in many other schools and colleges under American missionary direction.

Dr. Schauffler was a man with a great capacity for affection. This found expression in his love for children, which was almost a passion with him. Undoubtedly it was this which led him into Sunday school work, where for many years he served on the International Lesson Committee, rendering invaluable service. He was a wise counselor, and a fearless Christian worker.

Another characteristic of Dr. Schauffler was his loyalty to truth. He was intolerant of subterfuge, or any deviation from exact statement. On the other hand, if he discovered himself to be mistaken, he was unsparing in his own case. It is indicative of his character that when he found himself at fault, he was ever ready to admit it, and never faltered to make apology, even to one many years his junior.

Such noble souls as D. W. McWilliams and Dr. A. F. Schauffler are among God's richest gifts to His Church, and while their loss will be mourned by a large circle of friends, the memory of their noble Christian character and unselfish service will be an inspiration to all who have ever known them.

Obituary.

E. K. Warren, of Three Oaks, Mich., is a name that has become widely known in recent years in connection with the development of the World Sunday School Association. Having met with business success, and finding himself in command of a magnificent income, Mr. Warren, instead of using for selfish ends the privileges which were his, viewed them as a door of opportunity for wider service, giving of his time and means to the cause of Sunday school work, not only throughout America, but in regions beyond.

Mr. Warren was called to his reward on January 16, leaving to his colleagues in the Sunday school work the example of a devoted leader and the inspiration of a strong personality.

David H. Burrell, of Little Falls, N. Y., entered into rest on January 13. The whole community have risen up to pay their tribute of esteem and respect to the memory of this devoted Christian layman, whose world-wide interest in the affairs of the Christian Church did not blind him to the needs of Christian service in the immediate neighborhood. In his local church, in municipal welfare, and in all that pertained to social betterment in the city of Little Falls and its community, Mr. Burrell took an active part. As tributes from journals throughout different parts of the state bear testimony, Mr. Burrell was an exception to the rule that "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country." In his case his neighbors have risen up to do honor to his memory as the best type of Christian citizen.

Receipts for February.

Armenian War Sufferers (Relief For):

13457 .....$ 1 00

Central Africa (Dan Crawford's Work in):

13458 .....$ 2 50

Labrador (Dr. Grenfell's Work in):

13458 .....$ 2 50

India (Sam Higginbottom's Work in):

13459 .....$ 25 00

Record of Christian Work (Free Distribution):

13456 .....$ 23 75
13460 ..... 1 00

$ 24 75

O Day of Joy and Gladness.

ANON. EDWARD M. FULLER.

1. O day of joy and glad - ness, O day of bloom and light,
2. O day of res - ur - rec - tion, Heav'n's beau-ties in thee shine,
We pass from gloom and sad - ness To ra - di - ant de - light.
Earth's fair - est dec - o - ra - tion Of sweet-est flow'rs are thine.
The hap - py bells are ring - ing, The glo - rious an - thems swell,
Then has - ten, lit - tle chil - dren, And lift your voic - es high,
And chil-dren's voic - es sing - ing The Eas - ter sto - ry tell.
For Christ the Lord is ris - en Tri - um - phant to the sky.

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Our Book Table.

Ancient People at New Tasks. By Willard Price. Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada, New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 208 pages. 60 cents.

The practical side of mission work has recently been so clearly shown that preconceived notions are passing away. No longer is the missionary thought of as an especially pious person who sits under a palm tree with a Bible in hand preaching to the natives! Our acquaintanceship has introduced us to his true relationship with the people with whom he works.

This book, moreover, shows him adapted to the changing present conditions and teaching Christianity by helping to solve some of the industrial problems of the country in which he works. Two questions are asked: "Why this extensive industrial activity on the part of missions?" "Why should missionaries who have been sent to preach the Living God spend any part of their time in teaching industries?" There are at least seven good answers, and these reasons are fully shown both in brief and in detail.

The "Ancient People" are covered by several very interesting chapters beginning with South America, including Japan, China, the Philippines, India, Africa, and ending with the achievement of industrial mission schools in many parts of the world. Written in the author's well-known, attractive style, fully illustrated, indexed, and containing an inclusive bibliography, the points, just suited for a mission study course, are concise and pertinent as well as readable. In these days when industrial problems are of such prime importance, this information is timely and profitable, and should be extended as widely as possible.—*D.*

Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse (The). By Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Authorized translation by Charlotte Brewster Jordan. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Cloth. 489 pages. $1.90 net.

This is a strong book. The earlier pages are not very nice but as one gets on he sees that they are necessary, for light cannot be described without the contrast of darkness and the strength of the characters of this book has to be painted on the background of earlier weakness. Of course, all who are familiar with the Apocalypse remember the four horsemen—plague, war, famine and death. This is not a commentary on the Revelation—it is a modern novel and a very good one. It has a decidedly religious message and shows how even the four horsemen may be agents of good and how, through the miseries of war, weakness and worldliness may be changed to character and strength. It is a book to be read. Once read it will not be soon forgotten.—*H. P.*

History of Religions (The). By E. Washburn Hopkins, Ph. D., LL. D. The Macmillan Co., New York. Cloth. 624 pages. $3.

The aim of this readable and yet scholarly book, by a Professor of Sanskrit of Yale University, is to present the history of religions accurately and comprehensively, in a single volume. The result is, of course, not wholly satisfactory, but it is safe to say that whether one adopts Dr. Hopkins' viewpoint in all respects or not, he has accomplished this task as well as any modern American scholar could, under the precise limitations imposed, hope to do.

The story begins with the lowest forms of religion and, advancing from the so-called faiths of savages and barbarians, examines in succession higher and higher types, up to the more intellectual and spiritual religions, as Brahmanism, Buddhism and Christianity. The treatment is simple and straightforward. The reader is not repelled by any abstruse definitions—indeed, pleasantry rather than pedantry pervades these pages, as instanced in the opening words of the first chapter: "A certain Professor of Rhetoric at Milan, Augustine by name, seeking to define time, said: 'Ask me, and I do not know; ask me not, and I know.'" This citation is, of course, turned to the account of religion, which also we seem to know, until we start to define it. In saying that religion is "squaring human life with superhuman life" (which must be meant qualitatively and not quantitatively) he tries to approximate a fairly good definition of religion, while his criticism of other definitions that have been offered is helpful. He thinks that on the whole the anthropologists have defined religion in better terms than have the students of comparative religion. At the same time stress is laid upon the need of studying religion comparatively, for it is with religions as with languages—he who knows one knows none. "A man may be a good Buddhist without knowing Christianity, but through knowing Christianity he will be a better Buddhist."

In the course of the discussion numerous suggestive remarks are thrown off incidentally, as it were—for example, "Mythology requires imagination" (it is not well developed among savages); "In a history of religion mythology serves no purpose except to illustrate religious ideas"; "The distinction between a fetish and an idol is formal"; "Behind the fairest Greek statue lies the idol, behind that the carved log"; "In

America the highest culture was attained midway between the North and the South"—that is, among aboriginal tribes. One excellent feature of the book is its richness in detailed citation and allusion. The handling of difficult or disputed topics (as the religious life, if there be any such, of the Ainus of Japan) is acute and fair. The work closes, as all such studies surely must do, with a hearty tribute to Christianity as the religion in which divinity blends with humanity, and the system in which ethics is combined with a spiritual mystery.—*C. A. S. D.*

If a Man Die. By Rev. J. D. Jones, D. D. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 180 pages. $1 net.

This is a message of solace to the stricken—of whom, owing to the inhumanity of man to man, there are far too many. Dr. Jones, of Bournemouth, England, writes not only from close meditation on the uses and abuses, the joys and afflictions of life, but also out of deep personal sorrow. His book is clear in its faith, even exultant in its hopeful ring. It takes full account of the fact of death, but points out that the interest of multitudes who have lost loved ones, is more and more centered on the Great Beyond, and well argues that while science may have nothing positive to say about life after death it opposes no insuperable barrier to belief—for as F. W. H. Myers says of science, "The affirmative she holds as unproved, the negative as unprovable."

Tyndall himself confessed that the *nexus* between consciousness and the brain is "unthinkable," therefore scientists are without justification who assume that the connection is causal, and that when the brain ceases to function consciousness ceases to be. Of course, after the reason is satisfied in these matters the heart needs its comforts through a Gospel hope, which is just what Dr. Jones unfolds—in brief chapters on the subjects: "If It Were Not So," "The Banished Fear," "Spirit with Spirit Can Meet," "With What Body Do They Come," "Shadow and Substance," "At the Long Last," and "The Open Door." The resurrection of the body (as distinguished from a bodiless immortality) is emphasized, and the view is taken that man is a duplex being (a soul inhabiting a body) and that an unclothed spirit would not be a man. The spiritual something within the individual, in other words, will always need a form, a foil, and an instrument of expression.—*C. A. S. D.*

In the Rift of the Rock. By Edgar L. Vincent. Abingdon Press, New York. Cloth. 224 pages. $1 net.

We have here a series of sermons based on the various ways, literal and symbolic, in which the "Rock" is used in the Bible. They take us back to heroic days, to the rule of the rugged hills and mountains. They are outstanding appeals to courage; the strength of the rock wrought into the heart of man.—*S. C. H.*

Jack and Janet in the Philippines. By Norma Waterbury Thomas. The Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions, West Medford, Mass. Illustrated. Board. 125 pages. 50 cents.

The pleasant habit of going on pilgrimages did not pass with Chaucer's time. Even imaginary tours are of unfailing interest. The Central Committee which prepares the United Study Plans for the Woman's Foreign Mission Boards is constantly issuing valuable guidebooks for the journey around the world. The children, like those of Christiana, share in these pilgrimages, and in fancy delight to visit the less happy little folks of other lands, in the hope that they may sometime bring good cheer to their shadowed lives. Twice have these journeys been under the guidance of Mrs. Thomas, and the children follow as eagerly as those of Hamelin town trooped after the music of the Pied Piper. Between twenty and thirty thousand traveled in imagination "Around the World" in 1915 and as many are this year making the very thorough tour in the Philippines, which Mrs. Thomas through this new "Junior Book" is conducting.

It is to be doubted if anywhere between two covers may be found so complete an account of Protestant Christianity's endeavors in these Islands under the Stars and Stripes. The book, therefore, possesses a value to any student of the progress of Christ's Kingdom. Jack, who seems to be the modern Rollo, is an earnest and ardent observer and quite capable of introducing us all to his friends, the missionaries, and the wonderful work which they are doing. "Passports" are provided for the children who take this journey and thirty thousand of these have been issued, while maps, postal cards, notebooks, and sketchbooks complete the travelers' equipment. Mrs. Henry W. Peabody has added to her daughter's guidebook several useful pages of suggestions for those who lead the children in their imaginary missionary journey.—*L. M. N.*

Lanterns in Gethsemane. By Willard Wattles. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Cloth. 152 pages. $1.50 net.

This is a volume of religious verse, some of which is of the mystical order. Other poems are of a highly descriptive character. In all there are flashes of thought which startle the reader with their daring handling of familiar scenes in the Gospel narrative. "He Speaks in Threes" and "The Wilderness" are particularly good.—*F. L. D.*

Life of Paul (The). By Benjamin Willard Robinson, Ph. D. University of Chicago Press, Chicago. Map. Cloth. 250 pages. $1.25 net.

In this little volume Dr. Robinson has given us a remarkable text-book on "The Life of Paul." It is scholarly. Facts from all sources are brought together to give vividness to the narratives. The Epistles of Paul are freely used to throw light on every stage of his life. Dr. Robinson also reveals a genius in massing his facts. He tells what you want to know in the right place. His style is vivid and fascinating. The book has also the advantage of a complete list of books of reference given at the end of each chapter, thus making collateral reading a very easy matter for the pupil and teacher. It would be hard to find a better text-book on this subject. It approaches the classic.—*S. C. H.*

Men That Have Meant Much to Me. By John B. Calvert. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Cloth. 223 pages. $1.25 net.

Dr. Calvert here gives us eleven eulogies of friends who have gone. By far the best of these sketches is the first one on Martin B. Anderson, the great President of Rochester University. This biography of Dr. Anderson fills one third of the book, and is well worth the price of the whole. Dr. Anderson was a man who made men: many of us still bear the marks of his character which he impressed upon us in college days. He taught men to stand upon their feet, and his great slogan, "Bring things to pass," was worth the whole of a college education. The last sketch is of Dr. Henry L. Morehouse and should rank next to that of Dr. Anderson.—*H. P.*

Model Prayer (The) And Other New Testament Studies, Expository and Devotional. By C. A. Mitchell, Ph. D., D. D. The Gorham Press, Boston. Cloth. 154 pages. $1.25 net.

Seven thoughtful and discerning discourses on the themes: "The Model Prayer," "The Fatherhood of God," "The Keynote of the Christian Life," "Life's Record," "Pathway and Goal," "St. Paul's Love Chapter," and "A Study of Love, the Supreme Christian Grace." Dr. Mitchell, who by the way is an eminent anthropologist as well as theologian, dedicates his book to his students in Omaha Theological Seminary, and in his treatment of these themes there is a characteristic touch of ardent and sympathetic personality. None the less on that account are the studies scholarly and informing. "Life's Record" in particular betrays the hand of the psychologist. A warm evangelicism pervades the volume, which is tastefully printed, although we could wish that a larger sized type had been used.—*C. A. S. D.*

My Galahad of the Trenches. By Lieut. Vinton A. Dearing. F. H. Revell Co., New York. Illustrated. Board. 96 pages. 75 cents net.

A new sense of righteous wrath at the evil ambitions, national and personal, which plunged the world into the awful destructions of the Great War, arises in the heart with every revelation, such as this little book contains, of the immeasurable loss to the world of young lives, gifted and consecrated to the noblest ends. The purpose in the thought of the mother who has here permitted us to read the letters of her son to her and two of his friends is not to arouse such indignation, however righteous, but rather to "bless the mothers of sons overseas who may read them, and to teach some would-be soldiers the articulate expression of love."

They are indeed true love letters and reveal a noble, tender, boyish heart, growing evidently richer and deeper with the discipline of great hardship and great responsibility in the perils of the battle front. Born in Japan in 1896, the son of John Lincoln Dearing, one of the great missionary statesmen of the Far East, and educated at Colgate University, Vinton Dearing was met at the very outset of his career, so full of promise, by the call to arms for righteousness. He did not hesitate and his valiant devotion which won for him the Distinguished Service Cross ended with the second battle of the Marne, the turning-point of the war for freedom. The cabled message which reached his brave mother on the day before sums up the contents of his letters and his life, "Keep smiling. Love."—*L. M. N.*

New Testament (The). Holman Pronouncing Edition. A. J. Holman Co., Philadelphia. Illustrated. Leather. 448 pages. $2.50.

The Gem Testament is a new and most attractive edition of the New Testament. The text, which is black-faced, is wonderfully clear, while all proper names have the self-pronouncing marks, thus making it easy to read. The book is issued in various bindings. The paper is of such light weight as to enable the volume to be published in small compass, suitable for the hand or the pocket, and a series of colored illustrations, sixteen in all, adds to the value. We doubt if a more perfect New Testament could well be made.—*W.*

Reminiscences of Lafcadio Hearn. By Setsuko Koizumi (Mrs. Hearn). Translated from the Japanese by Paul Kiyoshi Hisada and Frederick Johnson. Houghton Mifflin Co., New York. Cloth. 88 pages. $1 net.

Always quaint and erratic, and always interesting, was Lafcadio Hearn. These reminiscences by his wife show us the sensitiveness of the man, and his other-worldliness. Sometimes this inspires us and sometimes it makes us laugh. As, for instance, when he suggests that his little son would make a cute Buddhist novice, "that would be true happiness," says Hearn, whereupon his wife bids him pray that he himself may be born a priest in the next world. "That is my wish," replied Hearn. Hearn may have been a heathen, but his heathenism was touched by genius and perhaps the cherry tree which blossomed out of season at the time of his death may have been a sign that nature, which he loved, had dared blossom even at the price of death to bid him farewell. So his Japanese wife thought, and we would not disturb her in her faith.—*H. P.*

Suffering of the Best (The), Or, Service and Sacrifice. By John Adams, B. D. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. Paper. 163 pages.

Throughout this book, the gaze of the reader is held steadily upon the burning heart of the world's greatest mystery as it appears in the suffering of the very best among men.

It is a deep, reverent and profitable study of certain notable passages in the Book of Isaiah. In them the author deliberately seeks, and apparently with success, hints of the solution of, or principles that may be involved in, this most baffling of all the problems of human existence. The principles that are discovered are applied especially to the most generally manifest instance of the problem, that appearing in the war just closing.

Besides the heartening inductions of the author, there are two especially gratifying features of the discussion: One is that an Old Testament scholar of such complete technical attainment as the author, holding also the critical theory that he does, should present so devout and so Christian an interpretation of the Scripture studied. The other is that he says plainly—and at such an hour as this—that "the real kernel of the Christian evangel is the discovery and redemption of the individual man." And again, "Israel's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever. And what is true of Israel is equally true of the individual man."—*W. O. S.*

Surprise Book (The). By Patten Beard. Pilgrim Press, Boston. Frontispiece. Cloth. 210 pages. $1.

Dotty made this surprise book for Marjorie and they enjoyed it together for a whole year. You see, it was just a scrapbook arranged with a pocket for each month of the year. Each pocket was to be opened only on the proper date and contained just the story that was appropriate to some special day of that month. Besides this some other surprise was usually hidden in the pocket which kept Marjorie guessing until the time came when she could open and find out what it was.

This book not only contains interesting stories for little girls to read but also gives an idea of how they too can make a surprise book for a friend and so pass on an entertaining and delightful plan.—*D.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Book of Lincoln (The). Compiled by Mary Wright-Davis. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 399 pages. $2.50 net.

Coming Day (The). By Rev. Oscar L. Joseph. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 185 pages. $1.25 net.

Coming of the Lord (The): Will it be Premillennial? By James H. Snowden, D. D., LL. D. Macmillan Co., New York. Cloth. 288 pages. $1.75.

Eating in Two or Three Languages. By Irvin S. Cobb. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Board. 64 pages. 60 cents net.

Explaining the Britishers. By Frederic William Wile. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 126 pages. $1 net.

Fighting for Faith. By George F. Pentecost, D. D. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 306 pages. $1.50 net.

Force Supreme (The). By Walter Wellman. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 191 pages. $1.25 net.

German Conspiracy in American Education (The). By Gustavus Ohlinger, Capt., U. S. A. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 113 pages. $1.25 net.

Hope of Our Calling (The). By Robert Law, D. D. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 185 pages. $1.50 net.

India Beloved of Heaven. By Brenton Thoburn Badley in collaboration with Oscar MacMillan Buck, James Jay Kingham. The Abingdon Press, New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 217 pages. $1 net.

Luggage of Life (The). By F. W. Boreham. The Abingdon Press, New York. Cloth. 246 pages. $1.25 net.

Memory Work and Promotion Requirements for the Beginners, Primary, Junior, and Intermediate Departments of the Sunday School. By Park Hays Miller. Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work, Philadelphia. Paper. 16 pages. 5 cents.

Morale. By Harold Goddard. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 118 pages. $1 net.

Morning Faces. By Rev. George McPherson Hunter. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 219 pages. $1.25 net.

Mystery Religions and the New Testament (The). By Henry C. Sheldon. The Abingdon Press, New York. Cloth. 155 pages. 50 cents net.

New Testament (The). Holman Pronouncing Edition. A. J. Holman Co., Philadelphia. Illustrated. Leather. 448 pages. $2.50.

On the Manuscripts of God. By Ellen Burns Sherman. The Abingdon Press, New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 184 pages. $1 net.

Praise and Service: Hymns for Use in the Home, the Sunday School and Church Services. Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work, Philadelphia. Paper. 129 pages. $10 per 100.

Religious Teaching of the New Testament (The). By Albert C. Knudson. The Abingdon Press, New York. Cloth. 416 pages. $2.50 net.

Riddle of Nearer Asia (The). By Basil Mathews. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth. 211 pages. $1.25 net.

Shaking Hands with England. By Charles Hanson Towne. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 119 pages. $1 net.

Sky Pilot in No Man's Land (The). By Ralph Connor. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 349 pages. $1.50 net.

Sunday School Century (The). By Rev. William Ewing, D. D. Pilgrim Press, Boston. Illustrated. Cloth. 141 pages. $1.50.

Sword of the Spirit (The). By Joseph Fort Newton, Litt. D., D. D. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Cloth. 240 pages. $1.25 net.

Tragedy of Armenia (The). By Bertha S. Papazian. Pilgrim Press, Boston. Cloth. 164 pages. $1.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE CORRESPONDENCE COURSE.

Miss A. W. Pierson.

All correspondence relating to this Department should be sent to Miss A. W. Pierson, 10 Elston Road, Upper Montclair, N. J. Those desiring to enter the Course should read the Foreword in the January issue. Enter now and try for the $10 prize. Send in answers if possible before the end of each month.

Scripture to be Read.

Gen. xxxvii.; xxxix. 1-6, 21-23; xli.; xlii. 1-26; xliii.; xliv.; xlv.; xlvi. 1-7, 28-30.

Questions to be Answered.

1. What event in the life of Abraham's son showed what kind of a boy he was?
2. What other important dreams are recorded in the Bible?
3. In how many ways was Joseph a type of Christ? Name them.
4. Why was Joseph always to be depended upon?
5. What command that Joseph gave at his death showed his faith in God's promises?

THE OPTIMIST WHO DARED TO TRUST GOD—NEVERTHELESS.

Last month we had the story of a fine old uncle and his selfish nephew. God promised the old man a wonderful posterity, and God always keeps His promises. The son who was born to him in his old age was upright and God-fearing, but he was a quiet home man of whom there is not much told. There is one event recorded which took place when he was a boy, and his conduct at this time showed what sort of a boy he was. If we follow down in history to the great-grandson of this old man we will come to the hero of our study this month. Joseph was a descendant of whom to be proud, but it was only by passing through temptation and trial that he became such a fine man.

When we first hear of Joseph after the announcement of his birth he is

THE FAVORITE SON

of a doting, indulgent old father. He is a little prig, who wears an embroidered coat and looks down upon his less-favored, hard-worked older brothers, who in turn hate him because they are jealous of their father's favorite. He dreams queer dreams and tells them to his brothers, and as these seem to foretell that they shall some day bow before him, it makes them hate him yet more; then when he tells his father of their evil doings their hatred deepens. God has a great work for this boy to do, but he will never be fitted for it in his soft home nest, where everything pleases him except his brothers. He must pass through suffering and trial if he is to become a strong man with large sympathies, and one day when his father sent him a long distance to see how his brothers are, they seized him and after threatening to kill him, they finally

SOLD AS A SLAVE

their own brother, and he was carried off to Egypt. Then they dip his beautiful coat in blood and carry it to their old father, telling him they had found it. The poor old man mourns long for his son whom he thinks is dead.

The testing time has come for our petted boy. How will he behave? The agony of being carried away from all that he holds dear, drives him to God, and remembering His promises to his father, grandfather and great-grandfather, he casts himself in faith upon God, and trusts Him to bring good out of this apparent evil. He makes up his mind he will continue

TRUSTING GOD—NEVERTHELESS.

When the men to whom he has been sold reach the end of their journey, Joseph is sold again, this time to a wealthy man who is captain of the king's guard. Day after day he faithfully performs the tasks given him, doing more than is required, and taking such an interest in looking after his master's affairs, showing such honesty and proving himself so capable and trustworthy, that before long his busy master turns over to him the keys to his valuables and trusts him to look after all his interests. Everything goes smoothly for a time until his master's wife accuses him of dishonorable conduct. Then he is

THROWN INTO PRISON

without trial or a chance to defend himself. Does he decide that it is no use trying to be good, and that God doesn't care what becomes of him? No, for he is confident that God is with him and can make everything, even a prison, work for his good. The jailer soon finds out that this is no ordinary prisoner, and as he watches daily his cheerful, faithful, uncomplaining life, he gradually turns over to him the charge of some of the prisoners, and allows him much liberty about the prison.

One day two of the king's highest servants are cast into the prison, and are given into Joseph's special care. Remembering his own unjust imprisonment, he sympathizes with them and treats them kindly. One morning, after they have been some months in the prison, he notices that they look sad and troubled. He inquires the reason, and finds they have each had a dream which they feel foretells the future, and they wonder what these dreams mean. Joseph has learned much of God and His power during his years in Egypt and he knows that God has answered many of his prayers. He therefore asks them to tell him their dreams and let him ask God to show him what they mean. They do so, and he is able, with God's help, to tell them that in three days they are both to leave the prison, one to be restored to the king's service and the other to die.

Poor Joseph, however, remains in prison for two more years

FORGOTTEN BY ALL BUT GOD.

Perhaps he had times of dark despair when it seemed useless to trust any longer. Either there was no God, or else He did not care or could not help him, but Joseph fought the devil of despair and distrust and came out victorious.

One day God sends a dream to the king. It is such a strange dream that he is much troubled and sends for all his wise men to come and interpret it, which they are unable to do. Then the servant who has been in prison suddenly remembers how his dream had been truly interpreted by Joseph, so falling down before the king he tells him to send to the prison for Joseph, who can tell him the meaning. Hurriedly the servants enter the prison and tell Joseph that he is wanted by the king. They give him some suitable clothes and after shaving and making himself look as well as possible, he is

BROUGHT BEFORE THE KING

and is told that he has been sent for because the king has heard that he is able to interpret dreams. After hearing the dream, Joseph tells the king what it foretells, though he does not take any of the credit to himself but gives it all to God. The interpretation of the dream shows the king that there are to be seven years of plenty followed by seven years of famine. It would be necessary, therefore, to lay up stores of food during the seven good years that there might be food during the other

years of famine. Joseph advises the king to find a wise and clever business man and make him governor over the whole land of Egypt and give him authority to build large storehouses and raise big crops of grain to be stored away. As the king looks into the strong, earnest face of the young man, he thinks, "Where could I find a wiser, better man, and one who seems more especially blessed of the gods?" So he decides that Joseph is the best man for the position and he commands that he be

PROCLAIMED GOVERNOR OF EGYPT.

Now Joseph has the chance to "get even" with the one who has so cruelly imprisoned him for all these years, but he sees God's hand in all that has befallen him, and he has no desire for revenge. For seven years he labors to store tons of grain in the hundreds of storehouses, and then comes the time of drought. Egypt is not the only country where the famine prevails. Palestine, too, is suffering for food. Joseph's father hears that there is plenty of grain in Egypt and sends his sons to buy. It is a long journey but they arrive at last and are brought before the governor. Of course, they do not recognize their brother in his strange dress, but he recognizes them and understands what they say, though he speaks to them through an interpreter. As they bow on their faces before him he remembers his dreams and the devil tempts him to punish them for so cruelly selling him into slavery. He will not listen, however, but determines to test them and see if they are sorry for their cruelty and if they have changed, or if they would treat another brother as they treated him. He inquires concerning their home and family, and when he hears that they have a younger brother at home, he commands them to bring him when they come to buy food again.

The next time they are compelled to go to Egypt on account of the famine they take their younger brother with them, though their father dreads to have him go so far away, fearing some evil will befall him. When they reach Egypt Joseph tests them still further, very severely, to see if they will desert their youngest brother. When he finds they are true and even offer to give their own lives to save his, he can hold in no longer, but after commanding all the servants to leave the room he makes himself known to his brothers and freely

FORGIVES THOSE WHO WRONGED HIM

telling them that though they "meant evil" against him the Lord "meant it for good." They are much alarmed when they find out that the governor of Egypt is the brother they once so cruelly sold. They fall upon their faces in terror, but he speaks kindly to them, and embracing them weeps tears of joy. Then he tells them to go home and bring their old father and all their families and flocks and come to Egypt to live, promising that he will give them a place in which to live by themselves and will feed them during the famine. He also sends carts and beasts to carry his old father and the women and children.

After many months of anxious waiting the whole company arrived in Egypt and when Joseph heard they were near he made ready his chariot and went to meet his dear old father. We can imagine what the meeting was after all the years of separation during which the old man thought his son was dead. Joseph gave them a beautiful fertile valley in which to live and pasture their flocks, and there they lived in prosperity for many years, and the old father had the joy of living to see Joseph's two sons and bless them before he died.

Those who have entered the Course thus far (February 10) are as follows:

Ester Bachmann, age 12, California.
Mae Conwell, age 15, Hawaii.
Leslie Copeland, age 13, Westmount, Can.
Margaret Duckers, age 16, Ocean Grove, N. J.
Helen Feasel, age 15, Henrietta, N. Y.
Elizabeth Garber, Elizabethtown, Pa.
Emily Garber, age 13, Elizabethtown, Pa.
Elsie Gladstone, age 15, Hawaii.
Mary Hedrick, age 13, Bristol, Tenn.
Ella Hostetter, age 13, Washington Boro, Pa.
Henry Hostetter, age 16, Washington Boro, Pa.
Laurita Kaai, age 16, Hawaii.
Martha Kahanu, age 15, Hawaii.
Mary Kapu, age 15, Hawaii.
Julia Kauka, age 15, Hawaii.
Naomi Lantz, age 10, Orrville, Ohio.
Alice Momona, age 15, Hawaii.
Blanche Ralston, age 14, Hawaii.
Anna Todd, age 13, St. Louis, Mo.
Asayo Tokunaga, age 15, Hawaii.
Esther Vanderveer, age 12, North Branch, N. J.
Chay Kin Lee Wong, age 14, Hawaii.
Katharyn Zimmerman, age 10, Shiremanstown, Pa.
Paul Zimmerman, age 14, Shiremanstown, Pa.
Wilbur Zimmerman, age 12, Shiremanstown, Pa.

PRIZE WINNERS AND HONOR ROLL FOR 1918.

TEN DOLLARS IN GOLD.—FIRST PRIZE.

Richard Brownlee, Iowa. Age 12. Average 98.73 per cent.

FIVE DOLLARS IN GOLD.—SECOND PRIZE.

Mary Hedrick, Tennessee. Age 12. Average 98.70 per cent.

THIRD PRIZE.—BOOKS.

Helen Carr, California. Age 15. Average 98 per cent.

Arthur Pierson, New York. Age 13. Average 98 per cent.

FOURTH PRIZE.—BOOKS.

Josephine Drury, Porto Rico. Age 10. Average 97.50 per cent.

Esther Vanderveer, New Jersey. Age 11. Average 96.60 per cent.

Asayo Tokunaga, Hawaii. Age 14. Average 96.50 per cent.

FIFTH PRIZE.—BOOKS.

Phœbe Richards, South Carolina. Age 14. Average 95.70 per cent.

Margaret Booth, Ontario. Age 15. Average 95 per cent.

Henry Hostetter, Pennsylvania. Age 15. Average 95 per cent.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Laurita Kaai, Hawaii. Age 15. 93 per cent.
Chay Kin Lee Wong, Hawaii. Age 13. 93 per cent.
Martha Kahanu, Hawaii. Age 15. 92 per cent.
Blanche Ralston, Hawaii. Age 13. 92 per cent.
Sherwood Hayden, Ontario. Age 14. 91.80 per cent.
Delia Smith, New Jersey. Age 12. 90 per cent.
Julia Kauka, Hawaii. Age 14. 90 per cent.
Alice Momona, Hawaii. Age 13. 90 per cent.
Wilbur Zimmerman, Pennsylvania. Age 11. 90 per cent.
Elsie Gladstone, Hawaii. Age 15. 81 per cent.
Ruth Worth of China will probably stand in the third group. Her last answers have not yet been received.

The work done has been excellent. Each one who has sent in answers deserves a prize.

THOUGHTS FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

APRIL, 1919.

Tuesday, 1st. *Trust in him at all times. Ps. lxii. 8.*

When the snows melted away after the long winter a little plant was seen looking up into the warm sky . . . . fresh, tender, and full of life. . . . . Under the great drifts it had hidden, cosy and warm, and was ready at the first coming of spring to burst into the full vigor of fragrant life. This is a picture of the way every Christian life should pass through the sorest winter of adversity. Then when it is past and the spring comes . . . . you will emerge unharmed, with even richer life, tenderer beauty, and deeper joy. The secret of such victorious living is a trust in God that never fails.—*Selected.*

Wednesday, 2nd. *I knew a man in Christ . . . . that . . . . heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. 2 Cor. xii. 2, 4.*

The whole vision of Paul's life—right on to the premature old age, when he waves back to the East his last adieux from Rome—is that of sheer irrepressibility and spiritual freshness. He has always a word of comfort and cheer, uttered often out of his deep infirmities and sore straits. What . . . . is the avowed source of all this spiritual outflow and Divine unction in every burning word of Paul? Why, of course, the specific source of his power lies in the word which declares that the man has a secret. . . . . His life's secret was in the "unspeakable words" that fed with endless supply all his other streaming messages. There were words "not lawful to utter," and yet how endless was the utterance they led to! . . . . If perchance some such "words" are ours, let us breathe them not to mortal man. Keep them as life's capital, life's foundation—treasure in the earthen vessel.—*Dan Crawford.*

Thursday, 3rd. *As he thinketh in his heart, so is he. Prov. xxiii. 7.*

The prevailing fault of our time is the estimating of manhood by the accidentals of life rather than by its essentials. Not what a man has or what happens to him; not wealth, nor noble blood, nor crowns, nor titles; but the things that are in him and shining through him—his thoughts, motives, springs of action: these constitute the man. —*D. J. Burrell.*

Friday, 4th. *Praise ye the* LORD. *Praise the* LORD, *O my soul. While I live will I praise the* LORD: *I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being. Ps. cxlvi. 1, 2.*

Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee,
God of glory, Lord of love;
Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee,
Praising Thee their sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;
Drive the dark of doubt away;
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day!

* * * * *

Thou art giving and forgiving,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
Wellspring of the joy of living,
Ocean-depth of happy rest!
Thou our Father, Christ our Brother,—
All who live in love are Thine:
Teach us how to love each other,
Lift us to the Joy Divine.

—*Henry van Dyke.*

Saturday, 5th. *Peter . . . . was kept in prison: but earnest prayer was made of the church unto God for him. Acts xii. 5 (margin).*

The word "earnest" means "to stretch out." . . . . It implies a bow drawn to its full length and strength. So should our hearts be in prayer.—*W. H. Griffith Thomas.*

Sunday, 6th. *As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord* GOD *will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations. Isa. lxi. 11.*

What a beautiful picture this is of the spring! How mysteriously the earth "bringeth forth her bud"! How spontaneously it "causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth"! So in the higher world of spiritual things God brings forth the fruits of righteousness and praise. The idea is that spiritual fruit must be spontaneous and not mechanical. You cannot make a garden by tying artificial flowers and wax fruit on dead branches. It must spring from hidden sources. The message of spring is ever the same: life, spontaneous life, exuberant life, overflowing life. Let our hearts respond to that message and in answer to their cry the Master will make real to us His promise, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."—*A. B. Simpson.*

Monday, 7th. *To be conformed to the image of his Son. Rom. viii. 29.*

An unskillful beholder may think it strange to see gold thrown into the fire, and left there for a time; but he that puts it there would be loath to lose it; his purpose is to make some costly piece of work.—*Robert Leighton.*

Tuesday, 8th. *When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold. Job xxiii. 10.*

Expose water to fire and it dissolves in vapor; wood, and it vanishes in smoke and flames, leaving but gray ashes behind; iron, and it is converted into rust. But fire may play on gold for a thousand years without depriving it of a degree of its luster or an atom of its weight. Beautiful emblem of the saints of God! They, like gold, cannot perish, and their trials, like the action of fire on this precious metal, but purify what they cannot destroy.—*Thomas Guthrie.*

Wednesday, 9th. *Pure religion and undefiled. Jas. i. 27.*

We cannot get on here with substitutes; we must have the reality itself. Religion is an awful farce if it is only a place-scheme, a cinematograph-show, which makes one believe that he is seeing reality when he is, in fact, being fooled with a picture. We must at all cost insist on the real things. It is God we want and not another, the real Face and not a picture.

"We needs must love the highest when we see it;
Not Lancelot nor another."

He is surely there to be seen, like my mountain. Days may pass when we only hope and long and guess. Then the weather comes right, the veil thins away and we see! It is, however, not a rare privilege reserved for a tiny few. It is not a grudged miracle, granted only to saints who have killed out all self. It belongs to the very nature of the soul to see God. It is what makes life really life. It is as normal a function as breathing or digestion. Only one must, of all things, intend to do it.—*Rufus M. Jones.*

Thursday, 10th. *Let them learn first to shew piety at home. I Tim. v. 4.*

We must have a revival of home religion in this country. We are never going to get the Church very much higher than the home. A home consecrated to Jesus Christ means more in the uplifting of a community than anyone can ever tell. We must come to this or our business, the very thing which now prevents Christ in the home, will be crushed.—*Len G. Broughton.*

Friday, 11th. *Let every man . . . . in the . . . . calling . . . . wherein he is called . . . . abide with God. 1 Cor. vii. 20, 24.*

Of nothing may we be more sure than this: that, if we cannot sanctify our present lot, we could sanctify no other. Our heaven and our Almighty Father are there or nowhere. The obstructions of that lot are given for us to heave away by the concurrent touch of a holy spirit and labor of strenuous will; its gloom is for us to tint with some celestial light, its mysteries are for our worship, its sorrows for our trust, its perils for our courage, its temptations for our faith.—*James Martineau.*

Saturday, 12th. *We know that an idol is nothing in the world. 1 Cor. viii. 4.*

Though "an idol is nothing in the world," there is nothing in the world more real

than idolatry. Putting something else in God's place, making a god of something else than God—that is a very real transaction.—*R. W. Barbour.*

Sunday, 13th. *God . . . . will render to every man according to his deeds: to them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life. Rom. ii. 5, 6, 7.*

There is a yet harder and higher heroism: to live well in the quiet routine of life; to fill a little space because God wills it; to go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties, little occasions; to accept unmurmuringly a low position; to smile for the joys of others when the heart is aching; to banish all ambition, all pride, and all restlessness in a single regard for our Saviour's work. To do this for a lifetime is a greater effort, and he who does this is a greater hero than he who for one hour storms a breach, or for one day rushes undaunted in the flaming front of shot and shell. His works will follow him. He may not be a hero to the world, but he is one of God's heroes; and, though the builders of Nineveh and Babylon be forgotten and unknown, his memory shall live and be blessed.—*F. W. Farrar.*

Monday, 14th. *Melchizedek king of Salem brought forth bread and wine. Gen. xiv. 18.*

It is not only the solid life need of bread that is provided at the feast which the Lord has made for us, but wine, the symbol of joy, "that maketh glad the heart of man."—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

Tuesday, 15th. *Of him, and through him, and to him, are all things. Rom. xi. 36.*

Jesus Christ is the explanation of human history, and no man, no matter how great his intellectual ability, has ever been able to find an adequate explanation of human history with Jesus left out. Take Jesus of Nazareth out of history and the history of this world becomes the cruelest joke ever perpetrated by a demon; put Him in His proper place at the center of history, and before He gets through He will brighten the fields of earth with such a harvest of grace and whiten the fields of heaven with such a harvest of glory as will abundantly justify the ways of God.—*James A. Francis.*

Wednesday, 16th. *Simon Peter said unto him, Lord, whither goest thou? John xiii. 36.*

Peter, outworn
And menaced by the sword,
Shook off the dust of Rome;
And, as he fled,
Met one, with eager face,
Hastening cityward.
And, to his vast amaze,
It was the Lord.

"Lord, whither goest Thou?"
He cried importunate.
And Christ replied—
"Peter, I suffer loss.
I go to take thy place,
To bear thy cross."

Then Peter bowed his head,
Discomforted;
There at the Master's feet,
Found grace complete,
And courage, and new faith,
And turned—with Him,
To Death.

So we—
Whene'er we fail
Of our full duty
Cast on Him our load—
Who suffered sore for us,
Who frail flesh wore for us,
Who all things bore for us—
On Christ the Lord.

—*John Oxenham.*

Thursday, 17th. *A woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious, ... brake the box, and poured it on his head. Mark xiv. 3.*

Mary's ointment was wasted when she broke the vase and poured it upon her Lord. Yes; but suppose she had left the ointment in the unbroken vase? . . . . Would her deed of careful keeping have been told over the world? She broke the vase and poured it out, lost it, sacrificed it, and now the perfume fills all the earth. We may keep our life if we will, carefully preserving it from waste; but we shall have no reward, no honor from it, at the last. But if we empty it out in loving service, we shall make it a blessing to the world, and we shall be remembered forever.—*J. R. Miller.*

Friday, 18th. *For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii. 16.*

In the Cross we see the uttermost climax of suffering achieving man's redemption,

the deepest wrong made to right the world, the greatest shame and injustice made man's highest glory, the darkest despair made humanity's hope. That vicarious suffering was for us. The life Christ lived reveals the changeless life of God; and in the Cross we see the very heart of God. What Christ was, God is. What Christ bore, God has been bearing from the foundation of the world. Love, in essence, is self-giving, and love must suffer and sacrifice while the loved one sins and suffers. A suffering Christ means a suffering God; yet a God Who sees the end from the beginning knows the ultimate triumph of goodness, sees life beyond death, joy beyond pain, and character beyond suffering, sees the reuniting of broken human relationships and the fruition of lost human hopes. He is a Father Who knows, Who cares, Who feels, Who suffers in us and for us and with us, every long day and lonely hour as we grope in the shadows here below. He marks the sparrow's fall and numbers the very hairs of our heads.—*G. Sherwood Eddy.*

Saturday, 19th. *Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. Luke xiv. 11.*

If you ask the way to the crown—'tis by the cross; to the mountain—'tis by the valley; to exaltation—'tis he that humbleth himself.—*J. H. Evans.*

Sunday, 20th. *Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. 1 Cor. xv. 20.*

Through His Resurrection our own is assured. . . . . Life does not finish in endless night, it goes forward to bright morning and endless day. What manner of man ought I then to be? How shall I plan my life? How shall I build? . . . . Lives that are built for "three score years and ten" are of one design. Lives that are built for eternity are of quite another design. . . . . I must, therefore, do my daily duty as a child of the Eternal. My purposes must be such that I can carry them through the narrow straits of death into the "endless life" beyond. "If ye then be risen with Christ," shape everything for the infinite.—*J. H. Jowett.*

Monday, 21st. *Leaving us an example. 1 Pet. ii. 21.*

There is a legend of Jesus which says that as He walked away from His grave, on the morning of His Resurrection, sweet flowers grew in the path behind Him. The legend is true in a spiritual sense. Wherever His footsteps have pressed the earth all these nineteen centuries, flowers have sprung up—flowers of love, of kindness, of gentleness, of thoughtfulness. We represent Christ to-day, and if we fail to make little garden spots around about us where we live and where we work, we are not fulfilling our mission, nor obeying the teaching that we should be in the world what He was in the world, repeating His life of love among men.—*Selected.*

Tuesday, 22nd. *O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? 1 Cor. xv. 55.*

Thank God, we are to gain by death. We are to have something that death cannot touch. When this earthly body is raised, all the present imperfection will be gone. Jacob will leave his lameness. Paul will have no "thorn in the flesh." We shall enter a life that deserves the name of life—happy, glorious, everlasting; the body once more united with the soul, no longer mortal, subject to pain and disease and death, but glorified, incorruptible, "fashioned like unto his glorious body," everything that hinders the spiritual life left behind. We are exiles now, but *then* we who are faithful shall stand before the throne of God, "joint-heirs with Christ," kings and priests, citizens of that heavenly country.—*D. L. Moody.*

Wednesday, 23rd. *Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever. Eccl. iii. 14.*

We may carry the Easter lesson beyond its primary application to the dead who sleep in Jesus, to other experiences in life. There are other graves besides those in which we bury our dead. There are sepulchers in which our heart's hopes are buried away. But in Christ nothing that is good and lovely can be really lost. The visions of beauty which once hung over your soul, and which you strove to grasp, but which now seem to have vanished and to have been lost—they are not lost; they are in

the depths of your soul—yours forever, part of your own being. The outer form may have perished, but the inner spirit remains.—*J. R. Miller.*

Thursday, 24th. *I am . . . . the Living one. Rev. i. 18 (R. V.).*

Jesus is not dead, but alive. He is here waiting . . . . to work in us the same miracles of faith in God, love to man and hope for the future, as He wrought for the men of His time. We read these sacred writings, we take such words as Nazareth, Capernaum, Galilee, Jerusalem—what haunting music they bring with them! But there is no street in any city that may not become as full of haunting memories as far as Jesus and God are concerned. Our problem is to let Him in.—*D. S. Cairns.*

Friday, 25th. *The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, ... and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.*

Completed salvation will include the resurrection of the dead. Undoubtedly, our loved ones "depart to be with Christ," but they do not yet possess those glorified bodies which, through all eternity, will be the perfect instruments of their perfected spirits. "And with the trump of God . . . . the dead in Christ shall rise"; "for this corruptible must put on incorruption, ... then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." Not yet is that victory; but "then"—when Jesus comes.—*Charles R. Erdman.*

Saturday, 26th. *Wait for the promise of the Father. Acts i. 4.*

Tarry at a promise till God meets you there. He always returns by way of His promises.—*Selected.*

Sunday, 27th. *Search the scriptures. John v. 39.*

The gold mines of Scripture are not in the top soil; you must open a shaft. The precious diamonds of experience are not pitched up in the roadway; their secret places are far down. Get down into the vitality, the solidity, the veracity, the divinity of the Word of God, and seek to possess with it all the inward work of the blessed Spirit. It is of small use to learn a doctrine unless in the most emphatic sense you learn it by heart. John Bunyan intended this when he said the truths which he learned were burnt into him.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Monday, 28th. *To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. Phil. i. 21.*

Live in Christ and you are in the suburbs of heaven. There is but a thin wall between you and the land of praises. You are within one hour's sailing of the shore of the new Canaan.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

Tuesday, 29th. *Wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face? . . . . Up, sanctify . . . . yourselves against to morrow. Josh. vii. 10, 13.*

Upon the wreckage of thy yesterday
Design the structure of to-morrow;
Lay strong corner-stones of purpose, and prepare
Great blocks of wisdom, cut from past despair;
Shape mighty pillars of resolve, to set
Deep in the tear-wet mortar of regret;
Work on with patience; though thy toil be slow,
Yet day by day the edifice shall grow.

—*Selected.*

Wednesday, 30th. *Whom shall I send? . . . . Here am I; send me. Isa. vi. 8.*

A gentleman visited a jeweler's store to inspect certain precious stones. Among other gems he was shown an opal. As it lay there it appeared dull and altogether lusterless. The jeweler took it in his hand, and held it for some moments; then he showed it again to his visitor. It gleamed and flashed with all the colors of the rainbow. It only needed the touch and warmth of a human hand to bring out its iridescence. There are human lives everywhere about us that are rich in their possibilities of beauty. They seem dull and lusterless, perhaps they are darkly stained with sin. Yet they only need the touch of the Hand of Jesus to bring out the radiance of the Divine image hidden within. *We* have to be the Hand of Jesus to these marred and lusterless lives: "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you."—*Selected.*

DEVOTIONAL STUDIES IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

Rev. F. B. Meyer, B. A., D. D.

CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR.

(April 13, John i. 35-51.)

April 7. Isa. liii. 1-12.
April 8. Isa. xxxv. 1-10.
April 9. John i. 35-42.
April 10. John i. 43-51.
April 11. 1 Pet. i. 1-9.
April 12. 1 John i. 1-10.
April 13. Heb. i. 1-9.

John iii. 16 is a Bible in miniature. It contains the heart of the Gospel. No verse has been more often preached from, and none has led more souls into the light of life. Great revivals of religion have emanated from it. For instance the remarkable revival that took place in Tahiti was directly attributable to it. Missionaries had labored there for fourteen or fifteen years, without a single convert. War, idolatry, sensuality, ignorance, and brutality, with all else that was horrible, held undisputed sway. The Word of God seemed unable to penetrate the thick mail of these heathen hearts. A translation of the Gospel of John had just been completed, and Mr. Hunt, the devoted missionary, was reading this chapter. When he reached our text, a chief stepped out of the listening crowd and said, "Will you read that again?" The verse was repeated. "Will you read it once more?" and it was read again. "Ah!" said the man, "that may be true of you white folks, but it is not true of us here in these islands. The gods have no such love as that for us." Mr. Hunt then took the word "whosoever," and showed the poor chief that the whole verse was meant for him. "Well," said the chief, Pomare II, "if that is the case, your Book shall be my Book, and your God shall be my God, and your people shall be my people. We, down in this island, never heard of any God that loved us, and loved everybody in that way." That first convert has been followed by at least a million more.

Doctor Pierson tells the same story of the outbreak of revival among the Telugus. When the great famine came in 1877, Dr. Clough, who was a civil engineer, undertook to complete the Buckingham Canal, and employed the famishing people to construct it. They came in gangs of four to five thousand. When the day's work was over, he told them the story of redemption. Not being very familiar with the Telugu language, he committed to memory this verse, and was in the habit of repeating it, and presently there broke out so marvelous a work that within a year nearly twenty thousand people had been baptized.

A friend told me that one of the most marvelous sermons he ever heard was when an earnest missioner, now with God, repeated this verse over and over, for half an hour, to an immense audience of people in Dublin, with the result of scores being brought to the Saviour. Sir J. Thomson has declared that there is power in an atom to break a continent in two, and that a fraction of the energy in matter, if set free, would send the earth back to the nebulæ. But surely in these simple words, almost all of them monosyllables, there is dynamic enough to break the hardest hearts and bring in a whole world to the feet of God. Let us look at this verse, under the similitude of a river flowing from the slopes of a great mountain range towards the ocean.

The Mountain Range. "God so loved." God's existence is certified (1) by the order of the plan of the universe, the symmetry and beauty of which demand a Designer and Architect; (2) by the sense of duty within—conscience—that bespeaks a moral Governor; (3) by temples, altars, and priesthoods, which bear testimony to the sure intuitions of man's heart, that there is a Judge, and a judgment bar, at which all must render an account: God, Who fills all space with His presence; to Whom Orion, though hundreds of millions of times as big as the earth, is a very little thing; and by Whom our sun, and his attendant worlds, have been guided, for millions of years, at the rate of 200,000 miles a day, to a yet-distant point in the constellation of Hercules, without accident or col-

lapse! God, "the Ancient of days!" God, the great Alpha and Omega of all that is! God, the I AM, to Whom past and future are alike unknown! His nature lies before us like a mountain range of soaring attributes, but the purest and loftiest is His love. "God is love!" "He that loveth . . . . knoweth . . . . God; for God is love."

The earth, a mere speck in the universe, is full of sin, strife, and sorrow. It appealed to Him, as a babe crying in the night for his mother. Every battlefield encrimsoned with blood, every cemetery saturated with tears, every great city with its slums, every negro plantation with its slaves, every heathen country, with its hideous cruelty—appeals to Him. He has permitted it all to come into being, and He could not resist the appeal. "I have made, and I will bear." It seemed as though He made answer: "Earth, I love thee; Earth, I care for thee; Earth, I pity thee; Earth, I accept the responsibility imposed by My creation, and I will never stay My hand until, where 'sin hath reigned unto death, ... grace [shall] reign . . . . unto eternal life.'"

The River. Love is not content with words, however tender. It rises to help and *acts*. God's love *gave*. The love of *complacency* may rest content with beholding and admiring the symmetry and beauty of its beloved; but God's love is that of *benevolence,* of generosity. It sees what the lost world may become, and cannot rest satisfied until it has taken steps to realize its ideal. Therefore the Father gave His only begotten Son, Who was His Equal, His very Self, "the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person." It is a great mistake to think of the Son as coming between the Father and the guilty world. There is no trace of such a thought here. Redemption came from the Father's heart. He sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world. The River flows from the heart of God; and Jesus said "I and my Father are one." The Father sent and the Son came, but in the coming of Christ the Father also came to save. "*God was in Christ,* reconciling the world unto himself."

It is very wonderful that the River of God's love was directed to the unpromising wilderness of this world. There was nothing in mankind to attract it—nothing but absolute and hopeless need. Moffat, whose tender heart beat with undying passion for South Africa, confessed that he was almost roused to loathing by the brutal and sunken habits of the heathen villagers among whom he lived. Even Chalmers of New Guinea confessed his deep dislike to the crowds that gathered around him when he preached. He laid down the last book of travels in Inland China or Aboriginal India in despair. But though God knows more of all this than we can possibly do, He loved, and His love took the direction of earth, to lift it from its low estate and set it singing again among its sister stars.

That Jesus came is not, however, wonderful. Love could not have done otherwise. It is not incomprehensible that He came; it would have been incomprehensible if He had not come, if He be Love. But wherever the love of God in Christ has come, the wilderness has been changed into a garden, and for those who sat in the shadow of death, light has sprung up. It was the test of supreme love, when the Father gave His Son, for the love which bound together the two Persons of the Holy Trinity was infinite. Would it not be the greatest test of love for you to give to death one that you loved better than yourself?

The Pitcher. All this love may flow past your door without benefiting you, unless you dip your pitcher of faith into the current. God loves the world, and offers His Son and Spirit, but each must take for himself and herself, or there is no alternative left than to perish. You may exclude yourself from all the benefits of redemption, not simply by repudiating and refusing, but by *not accepting.* You must trust and accept for yourself. You may do both. John Newton said that he was glad that the word *whosoever* occurred in this text rather than *John Newton,* because there might have been another of that name, who was intended. But *whosoever* means you and me and everybody beside. God does not save the world in masses or groups, but by individuals.

The Ocean. The river leads to the ocean, and the river, if once we launch our tiny skiff on its rushing waters, will bear us out into the timeless life of God. Eternal is more than everlasting. It is the

timeless life, when we no longer reckon by years or days, but like God have the joy of an ever present bliss, without regrets or fears. Henry Drummond used to say that death is failure to respond to our environment. An unresponsive soul may be surrounded by God, but neither knows nor cares. That is perishing. But eternal life is to be sensitive to each touch of the Holy Spirit—and each touch is a thrill of bliss, as when the first ray of sunshine was said to make the statue of Memnon sing.

GOLDEN TEXT: *John iii. 16.*

OUR RISEN LORD.

(April 20, Matt. xxviii. 1-10.)

April 14. Mark xv. 25-38.
April 15. Mark xv. 39-47.
April 16. Matt. xxviii. 1-10.
April 17. Luke xxiv. 13-31.
April 18. 1 Cor. xv. 1-11.
April 19. 1 Cor. xv. 12-24.
April 20. 1 Cor. xv. 50-58.

The various narratives of the Resurrection are greatly compressed. Each narrative lays stress on some special phase of it, and the distinction of time is almost effaced. But each implies and corroborates the facts of the other. The very variety of the different Gospels is strong evidence of the literal fact of the Resurrection. Had the story been concocted by fraud, or been based on a fancy, prodigious care would have been taken to preserve absolute agreement in each detail. There is difficulty in piecing out the precise order in which the successive incidents of that day of days took place; but the artless simplicity of the narrative betokens the evidence of eyewitnesses, who speak from their own special viewpoint.

THE CERTAINTY OF OUR LORD'S RESURRECTION. It is clear that the friends and followers of the Lord did not expect the Resurrection—at least not in our sense of it. The burial spices of great price brought by Nicodemus, and those prepared by the women, with the express purpose of preserving against corruption; the supposition that His enemies had removed the sacred body, and the perturbation of the Apostles, proved that they understood neither their Scriptures nor the Master's repeated assurances. (See John xx. 9.) But this again furnishes another impressive proof of the certainty of Christ's rising again. They were compelled to believe against their own prepossessions and expectations. What the entire group looked for, probably, was not the Master's immediate Resurrection, but His speedy coming to set up His kingdom. This also was clearly the thought of the dying malefactor, when he asked to be remembered when Jesus came into His kingdom. They did not for a moment suppose that Jesus had failed. They were deeply grieved over the circumstances of the painful and shameful Cross; but now they were prepared to greet Him on His triumphant corporeal return to give the kingdom to Israel and due punishment to His foes. Our Lord has repeatedly told them that He would rise again. On one occasion He actually mentioned the third day (Matt. xvi. 21). But they were so prepossessed with the idea of the speedy setting up of the kingdom that the clearest intimations only left them wondering what the rising again from the dead should mean (Mark ix. 9).

Since this was their state of mind, how can we account for the change that came over them, except that our Lord really arose, according to His declared expectation? Clearly the Resurrection was so firmly established that it not only became the theme of their preaching, but the basis of their martyrdom. Their unpreparedness; the testimony of their words, weighted by their sufferings unto death; the foundation of the Church on the fact of the Resurrection; the witness of the Lord's Supper and baptism,—all these prove beyond question that they did not follow cunningly devised fables when they made known to the world the power and Resurrection of the Lord, of which they had been eyewitnesses. We can, therefore, implicitly yield ourselves to the impression of these narratives, and still more to the realization of this most sacred and blessed fact. This is the foundation of the Church, the inscription on the banners of her armies, the strength and comfort of every Christian heart, and the grand hope of humanity. "The Lord is risen indeed!" The witness of the Apostle Paul is specially valuable. As a member of the Pharisee party, he knew everything that could be said against the Resurrection. Evidently, as is implied in Gal. i. 18, he made careful and

searching inquiry, before becoming the chief exponent and witness of a doctrine which especially aroused the jibes of his opponents (Acts xvii. 32). But no one was more absolutely assured of its certainty. (See 1 Cor. xv. 1-10.) This unwavering faith could not have been induced, unless the Resurrection had been a literal, historical fact.

The Resurrection. It was secret, altogether hidden from human sight. No earthly watcher, friend or foe, beheld the going forth of the Victor over death and the grave. Before the sun had arisen on the third day, the Sun of righteousness had risen and gone forth. The earthquake, and the angelic visitant, who rolled away the stone, came afterwards. It was not necessary that the stone should be removed, in order to allow of our Lord's exodus. His risen body could pass through the stone, as easily as through the closed doors of the Upper Room, and afterwards through the Heavens. The Saviour's spirit came back from preaching to the spirits in Hades and returned to His body, which, wrapped in the rich spices of Joseph and Nicodemus, had not seen corruption. The Father's power raised the beloved temple of His body in resurrection glory, and so declared Him to be His Son (Rom. i. 4). What the process was that transformed the body of humiliation into the body of glory, we cannot tell. We have seen the solid ice transformed into steam; we know how a dull piece of iron may be soaked in flame till it becomes luminous and ethereal to the eye. Our chemistry will carry us so far as to make it easy to believe that there is a process, known to the Divine laboratory, by which the mortal can be swallowed up of life. We have the earnest of the Spirit now, and can afford to wait until, in our case also, the transformation is effected. "Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming" (1 Cor. xv. 23; 2 Cor. v. 4).

The Women's Visit to the Sepulchre. The women friends of Jesus bought the necessary ingredients for their Lord's embalmment on the evening of the Sabbath, so as to be ready to hasten to the tomb when the earliest streak of dawn appeared in the sky on the first day of the week. The foremost among them was Mary Magdalene, as prominent as Peter among the Apostles. It was an ill time for women to be abroad from home, but love made them bold. As they went through the gray dawn, a sudden fear sprang forth in them that they might not be able to accomplish the errand on which they were bent, because of the weight of the stone (Mark xvi. 3). But when they came in sight of the sepulchre they saw that the stone had been rolled back, and that the place where they laid Him was open to public gaze.

Immediately the Magdalene leapt to the conclusion that the enemies of Christ had stolen His body, and without stopping to verify her fear, she started back to announce to the Apostles, who were in session in the Upper Room, that the sacred body was missing. In the meanwhile the other women went forward. They found the Roman soldiers, assigned to watch the grave, panic-stricken with the appearance of the angel sentry, who was deputed to pass the tidings to the lovers of Christ who were on their way. This exquisite concern for the feelings of these timid, tender souls is a vast encouragement and comfort. He will not deal worse with any of us who are perturbed with forebodings. He will spare us from the shock of needless alarm, if only we are abiding in Him. Angels will be at hand to warn us not to fear.

The stress of the angel's words is on *Ye*. Be not *ye* terrified like the guard and His enemies. Note the high name given to the Saviour. The Crucified and the Lord! Mark adds "Jesus of Nazareth." This was the new name by which He would be known even in Heaven. The "Lamb as it had been slain." None that seek Jesus need ever be afraid. They will be found by Him. The Lord had been accustomed to refer to Scripture for confirmation, now the angel points to His words as authoritative. Every word that fell from His lips is sealed and attested by the fact of His Resurrection. "Jesus Christ . . . . is the faithful witness, and the first begotten of the dead" (Rev. i. 5).

In simple obedience they hastened to take the good news to the disciples, and summon them to meet Him by the sweet waters of Galilee; and as they went, Jesus met them with *"All hail."* The Greek

word means *rejoice*. Note that He refers to the disciples as *His brethren*, and again bids the women not to fear. He allowed them to touch His feet, and so assure themselves that He was no phantom. He did not refuse their embrace, as afterwards that of the Magdalene, because they could not bear the sterner discipline that her spirit could endure; and repeated the angel's commission, thus giving womanhood the assurance that not men only, but they also, should be His evangelists.

Golden Text: *Matt. xxviii. 6.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT OUR HELPER.

(April 27, Acts ii. 1-8, 14-18.)

April 21. Joel ii. 21-32.
April 22. Acts ii. 1-13.
April 23. Acts xix. 1-7.
April 24. John xvi. 7-15.
April 25. Acts ii. 37-47.
April 26. Rom. viii. 16-26.
April 27. 1 Cor. xii. 1-13.

Pentecost was one of the three great Jewish feasts, and came between the Passover and the Feast of Tabernacles. It dated fifty days (the significance of the Greek word) from the Passover, and was always supposed to commemorate the giving of the law from Sinai. On this day, two loaves, the firstfruits of the new harvest, were waved before God in the Temple, as an acknowledgment of His goodness. It was therefore a day of joy and thanksgiving.

During the last hours of converse with His disciples, our Lord laid special emphasis on the advent of "the spirit of truth," Whom He would receive from the Father into His Divine-Human nature, and transmit to His disciples. He was to be "another Paraclete," *i.e.*, Helper, or one whom you call to your side to help you in trial at law, or difficulty of any sort. For the fulfilment of that promise they were to wait at Jerusalem. In obedience to His command, they returned from Olivet to the Upper Room, and for ten days the eleven Apostles, the women, Mary, and His brethren waited in expectant prayer. At first, they may have expected an immediate enduement (Luke xxiv. 49). But as the days passed, they were probably led to profound heart-searching to learn if anything in their attitude to each other or the Master was interfering with the fulfilment of the promise. Regret and shame had their place in their humbled and penitent hearts. Finally, a sense of their loneliness, helplessness, and fear must have stolen over them. How could they meet the hatred of a world without their Master?

The Accompanying Signs of the Day of Pentecost. At last the evening of the fiftieth day after the Passover had arrived. The night was spent in quiet expectation. We are told that "they were sitting," as though they had risen from their knees in full assurance that their prayers were heard, and that in His own good time, the blessing would be bestowed. In the morning the "day of Pentecost was fully come." Then it was as though a great *wind* arose and passed over the city. It seemed to fill the house where they were. But it was not a wind, only the sound of wind. The wind comes from one of the four points of the compass, but this fell "from heaven." Immediately a tongue or flame of fire sat upon each one of the awed group, parted from some central globe of flame, which was not ordinary flame, but Divine fire, like that which Moses saw in the burning bush and John beheld before the throne. (See Rev. iv. 5.) This symbol of the Spirit's presence in the heart and life of each disciple was not apparent to the individual. John looked up and beheld Peter crowned. He probably wondered if he would ever receive the like, not knowing that he, too, was by his appearance exciting the same thought in Peter. Is not this also significant of all those on whom the Holy Spirit really rests? They are oblivious of their own excellence or power, and counting themselves unworthy they magnify God's grace in others. Meekness, humility, thankfulness for the gifts of others are true tokens of the Divine anointing. "They were all filled with the Holy Spirit."

There was a third marvel. The sound as of wind and the baptism of flame were followed by the Apostles' sudden ability to speak what was in them in the language of every stranger whom they might have to address. "The Spirit gave them utterance." He inspired their thought, and communicated the passionate desire to tell out what He was saying within, but when they were face to face with a foreign Jew, who would

not understand a word of Hebrew or even Aramaic, they discovered that they possessed the power of telling him in his mother tongue the wonderful works of God. The crowds, who had come from all parts of the world to the Feast, heard these Galileans speaking—"every man in our own language, wherein we were born." The news flew through the city like wildfire, and people ran together from every quarter to become filled with wonder, perplexity, and mockery. Some were awed by a sense of God's mighty energy, others were perplexed, while others thought that the speakers were the worse for liquor. All Jerusalem was in uproar.

The Significance of Pentecost. (1) *It evidenced the entrance of our Lord into the Holiest.* He had said that He would make *request* of the Father, and the word is not the petition of One Who asks a favor, but the petition of One Who is on perfect equality with the Person to Whom it is presented (John xiv. 16; xvi. 7). The Spirit was the gift of the Father to the Son upon the basis of His finished work. Before that moment the Spirit had come upon special men for specific purposes, and at special seasons; but the Redeemer, as the Representative of His people, received of the Father this priceless gift for universal distribution. (See ver. 38.) Peter made a special point of the endorsement which Pentecost gave to the claims of Christ. (See ver. 33, etc.)

(2) *It formed the Church.* Before Pentecost the disciples were simple units, who loved and trusted Christ, but had no special affinity to each other. But from the hour when the Holy Spirit fell, they found themselves joined to each other, as the members of a body are not only connected to the head, but are mutually interdependent. When the Spirit fell, the individual disciples of Jesus were transformed into a new creation, with which the world would have to reckon. Peter, James, and John were no longer three separate individuals, they were henceforth members of the one Catholic Church, the Body of Christ, the pillar and ground of the truth. (See Acts xx. 28.)

(3) *It provided a new Temple.* It is held by some that this Pentecostal outpouring took place in the precincts of the Temple. If so, the real Temple of God was built within the scaffolding of the old. It was a building in the world of a dwelling place for God through the Spirit (1 Cor. iii. 16). The Temple was the place of praise. It gave opportunity for prayer. It was also the place for prophetic utterance. So these men and women, being no longer separate units, but constituting a Church, became the spiritual counterpart of all that was intended by the material structure of the Tabernacle and the Temple. We are meant to be a kingdom of priests, uniting in praise to God, in intercession for the world, and are intended to go forth from the place of meeting to carry the message of Divine love to mankind. Such was the result of this Pentecostal baptism, that before one hundred years had passed every known nation and all human institutions had felt the touch and influence of the Church of Christ.

The Influence of Pentecost in the Christian Ages. The Spirit of God has continued to reside in the Church, bearing witness to the risen Saviour and working mightily in the individual, and through the Church on the world. (1) *On the individual.* Every believer in Jesus Christ, having vital union with Him, has the right to claim and enjoy the filling of the Spirit. "Be filled with the Spirit" is a distinct injunction to each of us. (See Eph. v. 18.) If anyone is not filled now, the blame is to be laid, not upon the Saviour, nor upon the Holy Spirit, but because there is some flaw or defect in the secrets of the heart or the obedience of the life. We are not perfectly yielded, absolutely obedient, entirely consecrated. The difference between one who is filled with the Spirit and one that is unfilled, is the difference between a well in which there is a spring of water choked, and a well from which the obstruction has been removed, so that the water springs up and fills the well. In every child of God, the Spirit is present, waiting to fill the heart and life.

(2) *In the Church.* The Holy Spirit is the Defender of the Faith. We are often charged with having no supreme authority in matters of faith, but it is forgotten that our one standard is Christ as revealed by

the abiding Comforter. Thus every revival of religion has been characterized by a new vision of Christ. (3) *In the world.* He reveals the Truth, and the Truth convinces of sin, righteousness, and judgment to come. (See John xvi. 8-11.)

GOLDEN TEXT: *Luke xi. 13.*

MAN MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

(May 4, Gen. i. 26-28; ii. 7-9; Eph. iv. 20-24.)

April 28. Gen. i. 26-31.
April 29. Ps. viii. 1-9.
April 30. Gen. ii. 7-17.
May 1. Gen. ii. 18-24.
May 2. Eph. iv. 17-32.
May 3. 2 Cor. iii. 7-18.
May 4. Luke x. 25-37.

Every nation dates its history from a beginning of purity, peace, and harmony with nature and with God. Egyptian hieroglyphs, Assyrian tablets, the legends of Tibet, and classic literature, tell the same story. Memories of the blessed past, hopes of the radiant future, are the heritage of mankind.

EDEN. The word means pleasantness. The names of the rivers do not help us to identify the exact locality. It is enough to suppose that Eden lay somewhere in the Euphrates Valley. Its site is obliterated that we may not go back but forward, and make for the City of God. When men flout us with the pain and wretchedness of the world, our reply is to point to Eden. That is God's thought. As the parent makes every careful preparation for its young, whether the soft lining of the bird's nest or the tiny, warm cot of the babe, so did God make preparations for the entrance of the race made in His own image. But surely it was good for us all that we were not allowed to remain there. The bird must be taught to fly. There is more luxury in the freedom of the woodland or caroling in the heights of air than in the rocking nest. The child must leave nursery for school, if life is to develop to its true proportions. We all need the Edens of home and human love, of rest and recreation, of books and healthful studies, but we cannot develop without action, trial, sorrow, pain, and toil that starts the sweat on our brows and makes our muscles ache. The molluscous native of the tropic island, who gathers his food without labor, and whose simple needs are easily supplied from nature's bountiful store, is not to be compared to the inhabitant of colder climes, compelled to wring his harvests from an unwilling soil. The garden grows beautiful with a moderate amount of culture, but the New Jerusalem could only be built after long centuries of travail, toil, and tears. If man had always remained in Eden, he would have become a human jellyfish. The image of God, of which he is capable, needed to be brought out amid the temptation and strife of the great world, outside Eden's gates. Eden could only be a starting place, not a goal.

The trees stand for the test which reveals man to himself. You cannot tell which way some quiet stream is flowing, till you notice the ripple on one side of an outstanding rock. The child knows nothing of right, and the ought of the imperial voice of conscience; of the bliss of obedience and the pain of disobedience, until the mother or teacher interposes with the demand *Thou shalt,* or *Thou shalt not.* Instantly a collision is felt between what is commanded or forbidden, and what is pleasant. The forbidden fruit did this for man. He must refuse the allurement of his senses, because of the sovereign command of duty and obedience. The test was a very simple one, and therefore suited to his immature faculties. You cannot begin to elevate the character until there has been a revelation of the difference between duty and pleasure, between what is right and what gratifies the sense. The clear-cut image of God is the result not only of the original gift of possibility, but of the long struggle of conflict, failure, renewed effort, and salvation.

MAN. Notice the *"us"* in the announcement of the Creator's intention (ver. 26). Does it not suggest the Trinity? We find traces of this same conception in every part of Scripture; and the proof of the Trinity of Person in the unity of the Godhead is more convincing, because incidental and assumed. If *make* refers rather to the moulding of the potter's hand, *create* stands for the direct act of omnipotence. It always indicates the interposition of the Divine Will and Word. That great phrase occurs three times in Genesis i. and each time stands for the direct creative act.

Evolution may give the general plan of the upward progress of the Divine workmanship, but there were direct interpositions of God's will and power, which marked the introduction of fresh and underived impulses.

When we are told that man was made in the image of God, a startling revelation is afforded of the wonder and glory of the humanity in which we partake. The coin may be defaced, and the image and superscription almost indecipherable, but it was originally cut and minted after the Divine likeness. There are traces of man's high origin in his *moral nature.* What is right to God is right to man. When God bids us be holy as He is holy, pure as He is pure, loving as He is loving, we know exactly what He means. There is no need to define these qualities, we are conscious of them existing within ourselves. They only need to be appealed to and they will respond, like captives long immured in dark dungeons, who will answer faintly to the call from without. The germ, the embryo, the features, are there of the Divine Nature. Alas, for their distorted and begrimed appearance!

Similar traces of God's image are found *in the æsthetics of man's nature.* "God saw every thing that he had made," and pronounced it to be very good, and we do the same. Sweet sounds, the curve of the wave, the sparkle of the dew, the delicate beauty of the flower, the ravishing splendor of the landscape, the towering peaks of the soaring Alps, which give pleasure to God, excite in our hearts intense emotion. If the Creator rejoices in His works, so do we; and the common pleasure indicates the possession of common qualities. So with man's *intellectual powers.* Take mathematics, for instance. Clearly the plan of the universe is mathematical. The circle, ellipse, balance of each sphere to the nicety of perfect equipoise, all attest the laws which the foremost minds appreciate most reverently. They confess with Kepler, that they are thinking over again the thoughts of God. But *in holiness,* which is our highest attribute, and which implies prayer, communion, fellowship, the likeness is most apparent. Man may converse with his Maker as his Father and Friend, walking with Him as Enoch walked with Him and talking, as Moses did, face to face. There you have man's likeness to God most clearly and perfectly displayed. It is possible to hear and respond to the voice of the Almighty, walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and not to be afraid, but to meet Him with the assurance that our fellowship may be with the Father and with Jesus Christ His Son.

Man was thus constituted to be the representative and vicegerent of the Almighty. "God said . . . . Have dominion." (See Psalm viii.) Though it is long since this enthronement took place, there are still traces of it. The wild bull is arrested by the fixed eyes of man, though infinitely superior in strength; and the human voice commands allegiance. Since sin entered, man has forfeited much of his ancient rule. The beast creation has found him out. The crown has rolled from his brow, and the scepter slipped from his hand. Yet, as in the case of Daniel in the lions' den, and Jesus amid the wild beasts of the forest, moral goodness and purity still wield their olden spell.

Redemption. Man is a defaced coin, a child upon whose features the grime and brand of sin have almost obliterated the early traits of high descent. But Jesus came to remint, redeem, and recover. First, He lived the life of perfect conformity to the Divine image and pattern. Those who knew Him most intimately confessed that He was the Son of the living God. Taking the likeness of man, which had become debased, He so lived that men beheld in Him God manifest in the flesh. "We beheld his glory, ... full of grace and truth."

The Apostle exhorts us to put on that likeness by the daily reckoning of faith. We are bidden to walk as He walked, to be pure as He is pure, to follow in His steps. This must be our fixed purpose and desire. But this is not all. By the action of the Holy Spirit in our hearts Christ may be formed in us, as the chick within the shell. (See Gal. iv. 19.) As we yield ourselves to the Holy Spirit, the lineaments of our Saviour are brought out in ever clearer outline. He is reproduced in us, and the process of renewal will continue forever. (See Rom. viii. 29.)

Golden Text: *Gen. i. 27.*

ILLUSTRATIVE HINTS AND HELPS.

Ida Q. Moulton.

Exodus xx. 8 to 11.

From a Church Calendar come these suggestions for a profitable Sabbath:

Stay at home Saturday night and get acquainted with your family.

Get up early Sunday morning and help do the necessary work of the house.

Go to church and get all you can out of its services as a listener or doer.

Don't expect your wife to rush home and get you an extra good Sunday dinner.

Don't criticise the preaching or singing. Remember you are not such a great preacher or singer yourself.

Keep thanking God all day long that you are well enough to work and good enough to keep out of jail.

Close the day with prayer and song, after you have called up the preacher and told him you plan to follow his advice when you go to work to-morrow.

Do these things and godlike deeds will characterize seven full days of a happy, useful week.

* * * * *

After the great French Statesman de Tocqueville's return to France from America, where he had been sent to study our institutions, he reported to the French Senate in these words:

"Sirs, I went at your bidding; I ascended their mountains; I went down into their valleys; I visited their commercial markets and their emporiums of trade; I entered legislative halls and their judicial courts. I searched everywhere in vain until I entered the church. It was there, sirs, as I listened to the soul-elevating and soul-equalizing Gospel of Christ, as it fell from Sunday to Sunday upon the waiting multitude, that I learned why America is great and free and France is a slave."

* * * * *

When Rev. Theodore Evans was warden of the American Church in Paris, Emperor Napoleon said to him, "Next Sunday there will be a fête at the palace, and we shall expect you to be present." Dr. Evans replied, "Sire, on that day I serve another King." "But," said the Emperor, "suppose I send for you to do some work for me." "Sire," was the answer, "if it is to relieve pain, I shall go; but if it is to do work which can be done as well another day, I cannot go. If not loyal to my God, I shall not be loyal to my sovereign." Napoleon replied, "Monsieur Evans, I respect America more than ever before."

* * * * *

Are you "too tired to go to church"? Listen to the words of Robert J. Burdette:

"That's sheer nonsense. There isn't a place on the continent so restful as the church. You are going to lie around the house all day; snooze in a hammock; loll in a rocking-chair; go to sleep over a book. That isn't resting, that's loafing. Tell yourself honestly—you like to think you are honest—did you ever in all your life see a loafer who looked rested? Resting is the hardest work in the world, when you make work of it."

John v. 24; Ephesians ii. 1 to 10.

In an art gallery in Europe there is a painting called "Death." Conspicuous among the scenes of the picture are a skeleton and scythe, suggesting that as we cut down grass so are men cut down; and as grass shrivels to a mere skeleton so also a man. A tourist looking upon the picture exclaimed: "That is not the way to paint death. It should be painted as a beautiful bright angel with a golden key in his hand to open the door to let us into heaven." This heaven will be to each of us a part of what we are making it to-day. Will it match the golden key which lets us in?

* * * * *

"Roll once more the stone away,
Angel of our Easter Day.
Roll away our stone of *doubt;*
Let us from its prison out.
Roll away our stone of *fear;*
Let us feel that heaven is near.
Roll away our stone of *grief;*
Breathe into our faith relief.
Roll away our stone of *sin;*
Shed thy light where death hath been.
Angel, come from Christ to-day,
Roll our *stony heart* away;
Stand beside its grave and say,
One more soul hath risen to-day."

* * * * *

Among the wonder plants of modern floriculture is a delicate, beautiful flower that blooms continuously. It is called "the

crown of thorns" because the plant is thickly studded with thorns and resembles a crown. Upon the head of all believers is an invisible crown of rejoicing. The test of this life, which is the test of eternal life, is the manner in which we wear this crown. Thorns there are upon it for us all, plenty of them. The question is, Shall we let these thorns tear our own flesh and cause our crown to blossom continuously, rejoicing and making all our days Easter days, or shall we in selfish ease let them pierce the heart of our Saviour, causing the petals to wither and die ere they unfold,—and thus lose all claim to eternal life? It is the greatest feat of the soul to wear well this crown of rejoicing, in the wear and tear of our daily lives.

* * * * *

By the side of a lonely country road, in one of our New England states there stood a rambling, deserted farmhouse of many rooms, one of which was supposed to be haunted. This supposition grew into a fear and menace to the whole countryside. Finally a godly man decided he must put a stop to this superstition. So he went to the house night after night for a week and slept in the "haunted" room, and then went about the countryside smiling and saying: "There is nothing in that house to fear. I have had seven nights of sweet sleep in the 'haunted' room." Christ coming forth from the tomb on Resurrection morn says to us: "Fear not, I have slept in the tomb called death and there is nothing to fear. Fear, rather, the deeds done in the body, lest they bar you from life eternal with 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

Matthew ix. 35 to 38.

After a few pleasant words of introduction, a sweet-faced deaconess said to two boys known as "street Arabs," "I have a beautiful story to tell you of a Man Who loves boys and wants to help them. I wonder if you ever heard of Jesus?" A vacant and bewildered look came into their faces and one of them said, "No, I never heard about that Man." Then she asked, "Do you know Who God is?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I know God is the Man Who, if you says a few words to Him before you go to sleep, He won't hurt you in the night." Just such ignorance as this our home missionaries are meeting all over the United States.

* * * * *

Below is a paragraph from a letter written to a friend in China, by a Chinese Christian who has come to the United States to study:

"What a nation is America! Full of good and full of vices. What a tempting place for the young men of China who come to study! It is my sincere hope that they will get the best out of America and put themselves in the way of Christian influence. Before I came to America, I thought the church members knew more about Christianity than the Chinese. Now I know that most of them do not know what Christianity is. A Christian nation, yet full of pagans! You may think that I make too bold a statement, yet the fact is there."

Whether we admit the fact to be there or not, this Chinese viewpoint is worth thinking about.

* * * * *

Rank infidelity is almost unknown among workingmen. The following voices the sentiment of many of them.

"I have broken my hands on your granite,
I have broken my strength on your steel,
I have sweated through years for your pleasure,
I have worked like a slave for your weal,
And what is the wage you have paid me?
You masters and drivers of men—
Enough so I come in my hunger
To beg for more labor again!

"I have given my manhood to serve you,
I have given my gladness and youth;
You have used me, and spent me, and crushed me,
And thrown me aside without ruth;
You have shut my eyes off from the sunlight,
My lungs from the untainted air,
You have housed me in horrible places
Surrounded by squalor and care.

"I have built you the world in its beauty,
I have brought you the glory and spoil,
You have blighted my sons and my daughters,
You have scourged me again to my toil,
Yet I suffer it all in my patience
For somehow I dimly have known
That some day the toiler will conquer
In a world that was meant for his own."

A pianist of world-wide reputation played in the largest auditorium in a certain Western city. The receipts were $2750. The following Sunday night there was a grand mass meeting to express the sympathy of the Christian people in that city for persecuted Armenians. The collection was $27.50, exactly 1 per cent of what was paid to hear the great pianist. The pastor of this church is a cultured able man, toiling without cessation to bring his church up to the full measure of their responsibility. Such toilers—and there are many—need the prayers and sympathy of Christian people.

Matthew xx. 20 to 28.

Ex-President Roosevelt, the chief exponent of "the strenuous life," said once while in the White House that he liked his job. The joy of service is gone if we do *not* like our job and so

"Each day I pray, God give me strength anew
To do the task I do not like to do,
To yield obedience, not asking why,
To love and own the truth and scorn the lie,
To look a cold world bravely in the face,
To cheer for those who pass me in the race,
To bear my burdens gaily, unafraid,
To lend a hand to those that need my aid,
To measure what I am by what I give,
God give me strength that I may rightly live!"

"If," says one, "there be lying before you any bit of work from which you shrink, go straight up to it, and do it at once. The only way to get rid of it is to do it."

* * * * *

"The greatest waste in the world," it has been said, "is the unused brains." Do you know that one of science's recent inventions renders wireless transmission independent of atmospheric conditions, and that someone has discovered a method by which seven messages can be sent simultaneously over a telephone wire? This invention and discovery have been waiting for the application of brains for thousands of years. Do you not find in this invention a suggestion for your own latent brain power, and the possible discoveries to be made with *your* brain and hands? God knows of your latent talent for service for Christ and the Church. Christianity has given you an opportunity to discover, invent and develop this power. If the world derives no benefit from your life or work, upon whom does the blame rest?

* * * * *

A famous banker in conversation with an applicant for a position in his bank said:

"What do you suppose has made this bank the biggest in the United States? Management? Yes. Ability? Yes. Work? Yes. But, did you ever read a verse in your Bible that goes something like this: 'Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant'? Young man, that's the greatest bit of business truth ever put into a single sentence. It is the secret of the success of this bank. Why do we have more money than any other bank? Because we give a greater service to the people. Why are we so great? Because there is no work so small or humble or unpleasant that we won't condescend to do it, if it will help the men who do business with us. Service, young man! That is the secret of the success of this bank. It is the secret of all success."

* * * * *

"I never," said an employer, "lack beginners in my office or factory, but the supply of completers is never equal to the demand." Which are you?

"If you should come into my prayer meeting," said a pastor, "you could pick out the sixty church visitors by the shine on their faces." Have you, O Christian, that service polish upon your face?

* * * * *

A young woman who was giving largely, and some thought extravagantly, of her not overabundant means, to a mission church, sparing neither time, strength or effort, was remonstrated with by her pastor. She replied: "It's an investment. My brother is a business man. He works literally night and day. Every cent he makes 'goes into the business.' He never takes a day off: He thinks, eats, sleeps 'business.' I asked him what he did that way for, and what do you think he answered me? 'I'm putting my life into it, Sis,' he said, 'investing money, time, youth, strength. By and by it will begin paying me dividends.' You see what I am doing," she said, pointing to her little wooden mission church. "I am putting my life into that."

BIBLE NOTES FOR DAILY DEVOTIONS.

APRIL, 1919.

Tuesday, 1st. Luke xx.

Ver. 2. God reserves to Himself the right to restrain when He sees fit that full manifestation of Himself which some men nevertheless demand of Him. There are some men, some women, in whose heart there has frequently risen up something of this resentment: "Why must I live in a state of imperfect knowledge, which is the result of a limited revelation?" And this incomplete manifestation of Himself by God—for so I may call it—has been felt, even where there was far too much reverence and fear, too much humility to resent the limitation of the revelation given. It is well that we should look this fact plainly in the face. It was not only unto the scribes and the Pharisees, and the idle gaping crowd that our Lord acted upon this principle of reservation when He was here on the earth, it was so with His own disciples. How plainly do their words and actions convey to us the idea of men who knew that they lay under a sense of mystery that they could not fathom! How is the great central mystery of the Incarnation, for example, ever present in His teaching, and yet who shall deny that it is ever shrouded? How guardedly He speaks of the new birth by water and the Word; how mysteriously in the Blessed Sacrament of His own Blood and Body! It is enough for them to be told that "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." It was enough for them to be taught that they must do this and "except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you."

And yet shall we dare to say that the teaching which God in His mercy has given to us is insufficient? How much evidence of authority had He already given to those very scribes and Pharisees! Sick persons had been wonderfully cured, the poor shrinking lepers had been made clean, sweet light had streamed into sightless eyeballs. Only a few days before, a crowd of those Jews had seen Lazarus come forth from his tomb. Those who asked Him this very question as to His authority had never denied these facts—they had never dared to deny them. Yet you know what they had done—they had hardened their hearts and shut their eyes against them. It was possible for them to know long ere this by Whose authority He did these things. So for us it is possible to know, and to know with great certainty, too, of Christ and His authority, to know Him on His Cross dying for our sins, and to know Him awakening within our own individual hearts a sense of guilt, to know Him sending us individually the blessed message of forgiveness, to know Him as He deigns to hold communion with our reconciled spirits. The struggle may be hard, but the victory is sure.—*Selected.*

Wednesday, 2nd. Luke xxi.

Ver. 19. It is easy to become impatient in regard to the development of our own character. Yet it is unreasonable to lose hope and courage. We often lose heart by comparing our present selves with our moral and spiritual history of yesterday. How impossible to gauge moral movement! If we are living rightly, the deepest changes are being silently wrought in the depths of our nature, and the faintest of these is a cause for infinite gratitude. No impatience will accelerate the unfolding of flower or soul, it can only retard. Nor let us be impatient with the circumstances which discipline character; God knows best how long the gold ought to remain in the furnace, how long the jewel must suffer the grinding of the wheel.

We become weary waiting for the renewal of the world. Yet the kingdom of God *is* coming, however deeply sometimes its development may be veiled. "What is to last forever takes a long time to grow." We must be struck with the spirit of patience displayed everywhere in the New Testament. Nothing is more wonderful than the serenity of our Lord in the prosecution of His great mission. The same spirit of tranquil confidence animated the Apostles. Because they exulted in glorious power they were patient and longsuffering.

In these days of feverishness and haste our eye is too much on the clock. Rae, writing of "The White Sea Peninsula," alleges that in all the hundreds of Russian peasants' huts, cottages, and houses that he visited every one had a clock, yet he saw only one going. Wise people! It is well to remember that we are children of time; but the agitation and tension of watching the clock are not good for us in any sense, least of all in relation to spiritual things. When the Duke of Wellington saw a painting of Waterloo which represented him sitting on horseback with a watch in his hand anxiously scanning the hour, the great soldier ridiculed the picture, declared the

posture false, and told the artist to paint the watch out. No battle is won with a watch in our palm. The victory over our own nature, the victory that overcometh the world, are gained in patient faith and endeavor. The victory of Christ, and the setting up of His kingdom over all the earth, will be achieved, not as against time, but in quietness and confidence.—*W. L. Watkinson.*

Thursday, 3rd. Luke xxii. 1-39.

Ver. 17. Let us remember how Jesus came to be engaged at this time as He was. The occasion of His instituting the rite which was to keep His memory fresh in the hearts of His followers was the observance of the most sacred of Jewish usages. No service—outside the Temple ritual—was so full or detailed as this; and amongst that little company, as in all the homes of the city that night, the unleavened cakes had been broken, the bitter herbs partaken of, and the cups raised, the prayers offered, and the Hallel sung, as had been done at the same annual season from time immemorial. But of all this we have here scarcely a trace. In the view of the writers of the Gospels all that had passed away, had been overlaid and obliterated by more sacred associations still. Nevertheless—and the more just on this account—it is needful to remember that the new was attached to the old, was its lineal descendant, and inherited various of its features.

Thus with regard to this giving of thanks; it appears in our Christian sacrament, but it was a feature of the earlier ordinance also. At a certain point, towards the close of the ceremony, the cup was raised, and what was of the nature of a grace before meat was said in acknowledgment of the bounty of the Giver of all good. So that we have the example of Jesus Christ for what is amongst the most ordinary of the religious acts of our lives. It is characteristic of true religion not to ignore the Divine aspect of common things, but to seize upon it, and to dwell with relish upon their spiritual significance.

The ordinance He and the rest were engaged in celebrating, was commemorative of the past, of those great events and experiences in which the history of the Chosen People had had its origin, and the entire ritual was full of reminiscences of these things. We are free to say that, besides what we have pointed out, that thanksgiving included a devout and adoring acknowledgment of the purpose of God's grace towards His people, which in these early days had been embodied in so express a deliverance from outward oppression, and which was waiting a fuller accomplishment on a more wonderful scale and after a more wonderful manner still.

And further I cannot but think that there was included in this act of praise something in respect of which He drew from His own heart alone. It does not do justice to the Spirit of Jesus to say that notwithstanding His own suffering share in it, He rejoiced that the Father's will was being brought to fulfilment. It was not in spite of the part He was to play in it that He rejoiced, but in a certain strange way because of it. For this also He gave thanks: "I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart."—*A. Martin.*

Friday, 4th. Luke xxii. 40-71.

Ver. 57. Why does Christ turn as they lead Him to the guardroom, and gaze into the lights and shadows of the court? "And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter." For one brief instant their eyes met. And if ever, since man was man, there was life in a look, there was life for Peter in that look of Jesus.

For in the first place it brought back all the past. The Lord looked and Peter remembered. There are some hours when we forget everything. There are seasons of crisis, there are times of panic, when all that a man has won seems to be blotted out, and he descends to the level of the beasts again. So all the past was swept from Peter's memory as he went headlong downward to the mire. But sometimes in a shipwreck when men are panic-stricken, the touch of a hand will bring them to themselves. So Peter, panic-stricken and beside himself, had one look from Christ, and it brought back all the past to him.

But there was more than memory in that look of Jesus. It was a look of unutterable tenderness. There come some moments in the education of the soul when the strongest power in heaven or earth is tenderness. A harsh word and the spring clicks—the heart is shut. A gentle word and heaven is in the eyes. The Lord turned with never a chiding word and looked on Peter, and the look was so full of pity and of yearning, so full of pain and yet so full of hope, that it broke Peter's heart, and breaking, saved it, and like a summer tempest came his tears.

And that look in the High Priest's court was the last look that Peter had from Jesus before Calvary. They never met again before the Cross. When Jesus was crucified Peter was not there. But on the third day, when Jesus rose, do you remember the angel's commission? "Go, ... tell the disciples *and Peter*"—then Christ's first thought on rising was of Peter. And who can tell what hopes went thrilling in the heart of Peter as he heard of the Lord's singling out of *him?* Then came that memorable morning by the Sea of Galilee, and the thrice-repeated question, "Lovest thou me?" And Peter found how full was Christ's forgiveness when Christ

commanded him to feed His sheep.—*G. H. Morrison.*

Saturday, 5th. Luke xxiii. 1-26.

Ver. 7, 8. The student of the artless and strangely passionless story of the Cross notices many marvelous things which escape the less observant reader. One of them is this. All the actors in the drama of the Gospel history seem to be compelled, as by an inexorable fate, to appear on the stage in the last scene of all. Sadducees and Pharisees, governors and priests, disciples who were loyal to Him and disciples who were base, men who loved Him secretly, and women whom nothing daunted—all pass into His light, and in the passing receive their judgment. Here is Herod, who belonged to Galilee, who scorned Judæa, and detested the Jews, who was at enmity with Pilate, and yet "he . . . . also was at Jerusalem at that time." . . . . Herod also is brought face to face with Jesus. He stands for only one half-hour in Christ's presence, but as he stands we see into his very soul. It is not the deaf conjunction of the writer of fiction—not the artifice of discerning literature. It is the finger of God.

Herod Antipas never saw the face of Jesus until that last fruitless half-hour. Herod Antipas never heard His voice. Herod Antipas never had Christ preached to him. No! but in the hour when he trifled with his convictions, in the hour when he chose to keep his braggart oath to Salome, the dancing-girl, in the hour when he made the decision which had its awful consequences—he decided against Christ. He made that decision which ranked him with the men of pride and lust and murder, and when he comes into Christ's presence, the hall-mark of hell is on his face. The decision which determined his fate was made years before he saw the face of Jesus. It was too late then, Christ had no word for him.—*W. M. Clow.*

Sunday, 6th. Luke xxiii. 27-38.

Ver. 34. "FATHER." In that word, uttered with the entire surrender of a perfect correspondence of understanding, affection, will, between the mind of Jesus and the heart of Him from Whom He came forth and to Whom He goes, lies the secret of the peace of Calvary. It is the first thought of the Redeemer when He is lifted upon the Cross; it is the last thought with which he bows His head. Within its large embrace are gathered all the activities of the Crucified—the intercession for sinners, the absolution of the penitent, the ministry to the faithful, the spiritual combat, the bodily pains, the finished work. That dear Name thus twice repeated is the great bracket which holds together the series of the seven words. When the eye rests upon the Almighty Father sitting upon the circle of the earth, upholding the whole sum of existence within the everlasting arms, complete beyond all incompleteness, perfect above all imperfection, then for us love is the abiding background of the universe, and ours is God's peace. "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God." "Who shall separate?" It was the consciousness of a union which no power could break, of a bond which no force could sever, that breathed in the first word that fell from the lips of the Divine Sufferer.

"Father, forgive." The prayer implies forgiveness on the part of Him Who prayed. He works, He dies, He forgives. Surely it needs a clearer faith than the vague perception of a possible brotherhood of men to justify this uttermost surrender! Great sacrifices of time, of opportunity, of life, may be made in the promotion of a high ideal. But the love which forgives the malice that has brought ruin upon the highest ideal, and shattered the noblest work the world has ever seen, witnesses to the presence of a peace of mind which knows that failure only seems to be defeat. Cease to believe in the final triumph of goodness, justice, and truth, and you have ceased to love. Cease to hope in the possibility of repentance in the lives of men, and you leave no place for the spirit that forgives. But Christ can say, "Father, forgive." There is the unbroken fellowship with God, which is the one true end of human life.

When a man feels that he cannot forgive, his peace has gone; but it is not the malice of his enemies that has robbed him, it is the loss of the vision of the Divine Fatherhood.—*J. G. Simpson.*

Monday, 7th. Luke xxiii. 39-49.

Ver. 43. The promise made to the dying thief is a revelation of the state of the blessed dead, for whose absolute reality Christ pledges His honor, His character, His truth. It is no statement of opinion, no expression of probability, no protestation of moral certainty that is here involved. "Amen, I say," is the *ipse dixit* of One Who claims to know. In the awful moments, when amid the agonies of the Cross the sands of life were fast running out, is it possible to account for the calm assurance of the meek, the gentle, the patient Son of man, as He not only accepts the homage of His fellow sufferer, but accords to him a place of light and refreshment in the unseen world, if this word be not spoken out of that serene life of the Eternal, where there are no shadows? Let us thank God for the *Amen* of Calvary. "Verily, verily I say

unto you," is not the teacher's trick of phrase, the unconscious exaggeration of the controversialist, the eager emphasis with which the preacher's enthusiasm marks his words. Such eloquence deserts the sufferer in the day of agony and the hour of death. It is the peace of an eternal certainty that breathes in the unfaltering pledge, "Amen, I say unto thee."

The absolution is immediate. The robber had recognized the Messiah in the dying Jesus. But it was a far, indefinite future to which he looked forward. His was not the "sure and certain hope" of the Christian. For the present all is over: a few hours and the curtain of night will cover up the earthly scene. And then—ah, what? The terrors of death and judgment and, it may be far, far off, the coming of the kingdom. If only then, whensoever that kingdom come, the Messiah will not forget him! "Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." "And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To day." Life is not the possibility of the remote future; forgiveness is an actual fact; salvation is a present power. "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." That is the law of absolution. "Thy sins are forgiven." "To day shalt thou be with me." The absolution is complete. "With me"—full communion; "in paradise"—eternal rest.—*J. G. Simpson.*

Tuesday, 8th. Luke xxiii. 50-56.

Ver. 56. The Sabbath is meant to be a day of rest. We all know that man's nature is threefold—body, mind, and spirit. When God gave us the Sabbath, He gave it to be a rest for each part of our nature.

1. *Rest for the body.* There is a cessation of all toil and labor. Thank God for that! How beautiful it is to go into the country on a summer evening where, on all hands, you see the evidence of blessed, peaceful rest! Lord Macaulay says: "We are not poorer but richer because, through many ages, we have rested one day in seven. That day is not lost while industry is suspended, while the plough lies idle in the furrow. A process is going on quite as important as is performed on more busy days." Man returns to his labors on the Monday with a clearer intellect and livelier spirits.

2. *Rest for the mind.* Some people will say: "When I have been busy all the week, I like to go out on Sunday and play cricket or golf. It does me so much more good than going to church." I quite agree that there is more physical exercise, and bodily exercise certainly profiteth for a little time, but "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." If you mean to tell me, honestly and sincerely, that Sunday exercise benefits not only your body, but your mind and spirit, then go and take it, but how about those other people whose rest and worship are destroyed by your selfish pleasure? How about the example you are setting to weaker brethren? When do you worship God in prayer? When do you study His Word? When do you work in His service? Think!

3. *Rest for the soul.* How many aching voids there are in the lives of all of us! That is why Jesus said so divinely, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" And He says, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Do you go to God's house to seek rest? "Seek, and ye shall find." I would like to close with a little anecdote. A gentleman was inspecting a house in Newcastle with a view to occupying it as a residence. The landlord took him to the principal window and expatiated on the beautiful prospect. "You can see Durham Cathedral from this window on Sunday," he said. "Why on Sunday above any other day?" The reply was conclusive, "Because on that day there is no smoke from those tall chimneys." Blessed is the Sabbath to us, when the earth's smoke of care and turmoil no longer beclouds our view.—*Selected.*

Wednesday, 9th. Luke xxiv. 1-27.

Ver. 27. The New Testament is not a mere book, not a mere thing. It is the Word of God, and to the Word of God there are attributed in Scripture the most tremendous energies of personality. Let us take them as they are given in the Book of Revelation. "And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war."

The Word of God is called "Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war." Wherever you place it, in whatever company, it is always judging and warning till we yield it the obedience it demands. How wonderful and thrilling must that moment have been when the angels of the seven churches each opened his epistle! Each knew that the epistle contained a judgment from which there was no appeal. Each had confronted the various criticisms of the Church and the world. Each had probably judged himself very leniently. We all of us find our comfort in the conflicts of criticism, and are encouraged by those that take side with us to think we are right. The judgment came that was unerring and complete. What a moment it must have been when the thunderbolt burst upon Sardis! "These things saith he that hath the seven Spirits of God, and the seven stars; I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." The Church that had

lived in the atmosphere of flattery suddenly knew that it had sunk out of life!

"And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood." Always this is the clothing of the New Testament, no matter how it may be bound. It is "clothed with a vesture dipped in blood," and if it were not it would not be worth the lifting by hands that have been cut and wearied in their conflict with a world like this. Whatever is true about the New Testament, it is true that if you take from it the message of Atonement, of the Garden where Love once lay bleeding, of the Cross on which the Eternal was crucified, nothing is left. The Cross is not only its heart and groundwork, but it meets you, however carelessly you look at it, even with the first sight. It is with it as with the Word Himself, there is no Christ recognizable but the Christ Who has been crucified.—*W. Robertson Nicoll.*

Thursday, 10th. Luke xxiv. 28-29.

Ver. 29. As we read the story it carries with it conviction of its truth. Nobody could have possibly invented it. How unimportant, too, were the men, to whom this appearance was given—only one of them whose name, even, is known to us; the other we do not know by name. Two plain, simple, common men, as we are wont to say; but therefore all the more in keeping with His wont. How sad these men are, as they walk and talk together! It is because they are sad that Jesus draws near to them. Death and the Resurrection have not changed Him in this, though they have changed Him in many respects. The sadness of men still attracts Him. But their sadness is not only the sadness of parting; it is also the sadness of doubt. He leads them kindly; He teaches them patiently. They do not recognize Him at first, and He is content to remain unknown—a Stranger to them. He makes Himself known to them in the humble meal at which they are seated.

How beautiful is this revelation of the risen Jesus! It sparkles with light, does it not? Let us learn from it of Him, for what He was that day He is still. He has not changed; Jesus is "the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever." What shall we learn, then, from it? Realize the presence of the living Jesus in our daily life. Look for Him as He comes to us in the daytime of our work. Seek Him in the everyday actions, in the daily round, in the common task. Find Him in the most commonplace things. Remember Jesus is essentially human, whilst He is truly Divine, very Man as well as very God. Nothing that has to do with our humanity is foreign to Him. Bear in mind that He is never nearer to us than when we are sad. He has so much in common with sorrow, for He was the very "man of sorrows" Himself. As it has been beautifully said, He consecrates our saddest walks, our hardest roads, our longest journeys. Learn how to deal with doubt—our own, or the doubts of other people. Jesus bids us be patient with doubt; patient with ourselves, with others. He tells us how He ever manifests Himself to the honest doubter. He promises us that He will be with us in our doubt, although we may not recognize Him; though not perhaps until the evening overtakes us, as darkness and the night of death come over us, shall we know that He has been with us all the time.—*Selected.*

Friday, 11th. Luke xxiv. 30-35.

Ver. 32. It has been one of the distinctive marks of Christianity that it has caused this burning of the heart. We see this distinctive feature of the Gospel very clearly in its earliest days. What most impresses us in the Acts is not the heroism nor the resource of the first preachers. It is the extraordinary way in which the Gospel reached to the very center of men's lives, and filled them, sometimes in an instant, with a glowing ardor that was rich in promise. It has been noted by Professor Lecky in his work on the "History of European Morals," that one great change has come over the moral temper of Europe. That change may be summed up in a word by saying that the emotions and the affections—in a word, the heart—have won a recognition for themselves in modern life which they never gained in the life of the old world. To-day to be tender-hearted is a noble thing; but then to be tender was to be reckoned weak. I think, too, that in this burning of the heart lies the great secret of Christian progress. A Gospel that carries this power in its message has little need of any other aid. When a man is faced by any great endeavor, it is not more light he wants, it is more heat.

The Gospel ever makes the heart burn as Christ did here. The hearts of these two men began to burn, not so much by learning what was new, as by a new interpretation of the old. Does not our Saviour always act like that when He begins to make our heart burn? He does not startle us with unexpected novelties; He touches with glory what is quite familiar. But after all what set their heart a-burning was not the mere word of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was the Christ Who was behind the word. The ardor of Christendom, its life and its enthusiasm, its countless efforts, its unwearied service—all that is rooted, not in any creed, but in the immediate presence of a living Christ.—*G. H. Morrison.*

Saturday, 12th. Luke xxiv. 36-49.

Ver. 49. The mystery of the ten days of waiting to which this command of Christ

committed His followers is the mystery of all the daily experience of delay between our apprehension of the glorified Lord and our realization of the glorifying power which He bestows. It in no sense signifies unwillingness on the part of God to fulfill His Word, or to coöperate with the desires of His people, but rather emphasizes the fact that our greatest need is to know ourselves and to have our personal lives dealt with as only God can deal with them, before we are fit for His service. We must stand before Him before we can stand before men, and must ourselves be right before we can be sent out to right the lives of others. It is said of Michael Angelo, the famous painter, that he always made his own brushes; and, if this be true, it is but an illustration of the Divine Workman Who is at pains to fashion the lives of His people as instruments by which He designs to effect His will.

It is full of interest to us to seek rightly to understand the need for this tarrying, which the Saviour unmistakably proclaims as the condition of enduement; and in this we are guided alike by a consideration of the Word and of our own hearts. We need, first of all, in our truest spiritual desires a discipline of our impulse, and the testing of our enthusiasm, for nothing is so unstable as spiritual emotion. There lies before us a long race, and we need to take breath. Success is not to be achieved, and victory is not to be won, by anything less than a complete control of the whole man by the Lord Whom he serves. And this can only be realized as we tarry in His presence.

We need also to tarry in order to recover a true sense of proportion. It is in the Upper Room alone that we learn what is supreme and what is merely secondary, what is fundamental and what is but incidental. We are so apt to exaggerate trifles, and at the same time to lose the importance of that which is vital, that nothing but the quiet of the Presence-chamber can give us that adjustment of vision and appreciation of relative values which makes for strength of life and service.

We need, like the early disciples, a tarrying time also to study the problems which discipleship involves; to look out on the throng amid which we must live, and learn how they are to be reached with our message and for our Lord. It has been said that one of the greatest dangers in the Christian life is that of becoming superficially omniscient; and from this nothing but time spent in the secret place will deliver us.—*J. Stuart Holden.*

Sunday, 13th. Luke xxiv. 50-53.

Ver. 51. It is interesting to notice that St. Matthew and St. John give us no account of the Ascension, but they do allude indirectly to the fact. St. Peter and St. Paul in their Epistles both mention the fact of the Ascension. And this leads us to this question: witnesses were not necessary to the *act* of Resurrection, but they were necessary to the act of Ascension. Why? Because, though there were no human witnesses to the act of Resurrection, there were many witnesses who saw Him after He had risen from the dead. Suppose there had been no witnesses to the act of Ascension, we might have supposed Him to be still on earth. Who were the privileged ones to see Him go? His own beloved people. The Master did not show Himself at all after His Resurrection to His enemies, but to His own dear friends. In addition to this earthly witness, there were witnesses from the home to which He has gone. Let us thank God that we have such a twofold witness to the Ascension of our Lord.

I like to think that the Ascension was very near that house, that loved house at Bethany. Why He selected that spot we do not know, but it was near Bethany. We are told further that it was from the Mount of Olivet; and I think a contrast suggests itself here, a contrast between the triumphal entry of the Lord Jesus as King of the Jews into the city of Jerusalem and this triumphal entry of "the King of kings, and Lord of lords" into His glory. There is a further beautiful contrast between the song of praise which at least some gave when He entered Jersualem, and the triumphal song of praise when He entered the kingdom of God. In one case we have "Hosanna to the son of David" from some true hearts, but who was it sang when the Master entered into the home above? The 24th Psalm seems to answer the question: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." Then we glance at the Ascension itself. We read that His last act was blessing: He lifted up His hands and blessed them, and as He blessed them He departed from them. His last words read, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." If the Master's last words were "Go . . . . and preach the gospel," how we ought to do it! And if the last act was that of blessing, ought we not to be assured that in seeking to obey His parting word we shall have the blessing upon us and upon our work?—*Selected.*

Monday, 14th. John i. 1-5.

John outstrips Genesis. He begins the record of the world anew, but starts from a deeper starting point. In Genesis the history of the world arises out of the God of creation. In John there is a deeper starting point: history commences with the God of redemption.

This, then, is the first assertion we have to consider—redemption is older than creation. God the Saviour is a more fundamental fact than God the Creator. Redemption was not an incidental sequel of creation, but creation was the means to work out the eternal idea of redemption. Creation was the means of carrying out the eternal idea of redeeming love. John says in his wonderful Revelation that there stood before him the Lamb slain. Slain when? "Slain from the foundation of the world." This world was established on sacrifice.

The infinite reach and astounding sweep of this assertion draw our attention all the more forcibly to the uncompromising positiveness and stark dogmatism of it. There is certainly something wrong either with John or with this present generation, for the present age prides itself on being sure of as little as possible. It is typical of the age that its most pretentious system of knowledge calls itself Agnosticism, that is "Know-nothingism." Another system that competes with this "Know-nothingism," and calls itself "Positivism," is first cousin to it. These are the two systems that pretend to teach us the ways of wisdom. One glories in knowing nothing; the other boasts in knowing very little. And unfortunately the same spirit of agnosticism has found its way, has ramified itself throughout the whole field of religious thought. It is the men that *know* that shake the world. How could John come to the knowledge of such a stupendous fact as this? John had only one way of obtaining this knowledge, namely, by revelation. Heaven revealed its message straight to the heart of this man.

No less noticeable than the dogmatism and positiveness of John's assertion are the grandeur and reasonableness of it. "In the beginning was the Word." That is John's explanation. Can you conceive a better? The difficulties of the Christian religion are as nothing compared with the difficulties of materialism, when you begin to examine it. This fountain is inexhaustible, limitless, and worlds after worlds without end may stream forth from such a source and fount as this.

There is yet another marvel in John's conception of the manifestation of this Word. Is there any further revelation of this eternal Word of which John speaks? There is ample evidence that the Old Testament prophets regarded that Word as a living personality that touched their lives. Then there came One in a form like our own, a Son of man, One Who was born, lived, suffered, and died on our earth. And man came into contact with Him, and said: "The eternal has come down to men." If that be true, and nothing is more certain in the life of man or in the history of the world, we are face to face with an astounding fact, a fact infinitely important for each one of us individually, and infinitely important for societies and nations. For this Jesus must triumph.—*John Thomas.*

Tuesday, 15th. John i. 6-34.

The birth of Jesus Christ has two aspects: The Nativity itself, the most stupendous fact in history; the Incarnation, a revelation of Eternity, the great doctrine of our religion.

The birth of that little Babe in the stable of the humble inn at Bethlehem—there is the event. "The Word became flesh"—there is the doctrine, and the mystery. God became Man. He took not on Him the nature of angels, yet the angels thrilled with tumults of joy at the thought of millions of sinners who would be saved. Is not that cause for Christmas gladness—for a joy as that of the angels? The mystery itself we cannot fathom; of that we say: "I will seek to believe rather than to reason; to adore rather than to explain; to give thanks rather than to penetrate; to love rather than to know; to humble myself rather than to speak." And, believing it,—out of the thousand lessons it involves let us take this one to our hearts: the Incarnation—the basis of all noble conceptions of human life; the grandeur of that human nature which God has given us; the sacredness, the majesty, the lofty privileges, the immeasurable possibilities of man.

Look at man in the light of nature. We look upward at the myriads of planets, and a sense of our own nothingness tempts us to think of ourselves as the creatures of a passing moment, the prey of blind forces in the blinding whirl of chance. We look downward at the earth, wrinkled with innumerable graves—the very dust composed of the decay of unnumbered organisms; and we are tempted to believe that nothing remains for us but "dust to dust." We look around, and, seeing the vanity and vileness of mankind, not savage tribes alone, but communities nominally Christian tainted by greed, by dishonesty, besotted by drink, the bondslaves of base and brutal passions, we are tempted to despise our race—our own selves. It is such thoughts that drive men into the devil's gospel of despair, and lead so many to cry wearily that "life is not worth living." But turn from the shadows—face the sun! Turn your eyes from the phenomena of evil and ruin, and behold the manger cradle of Bethlehem! Look at man in the light of the Incarnation, and see how all is changed! Jesus, Who is Christ the Lord, was the Perfect Man, the Representative Man; God as a Man with men; God, not merely revealing Himself to man, not merely uniting Himself to man, but God becoming Man. And so we take our estimate

of man, not from the churl and villain, the liar and scoundrel, the selfish miser and staggering drunkard, not from the harlot and the felon, and those yet more guilty who made them what they are, but from the pure, the good, the spiritually minded. These alone are true men and women. In the light of Bethlehem's candle we see man not as he often is, but as he may be, as we trust he yet will be.—*F. W. Farrar.*

Wednesday, 16th. John i. 35-40.

Ver. 40. What do you know about Andrew? Some of you know everything that can be known, but taking the average Christian sleeper, what does he know about Andrew? Perhaps he did not know that Andrew was an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. Very few people can name the Apostles in the order in which the names occur in the New Testament. "One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew." Observe, *he was a disciple of John the Baptist,* he belonged to an earlier dispensation, but he was an open-minded man, and was prepared to accept life whenceever it came. In a sense, therefore, he left John and said: "This is the new dispensation, this the grander and broader light; many thanks to you, stern, austere Baptist, we have had some thrilling days with you, but good-bye, we follow the Messias, we follow the Lamb of God."

That was an excellent characteristic in the character of Andrew; this was a feature, prominent, gracious, and imitable; let us imitate it.

Did Andrew do any work in the Church or in the world? Yes, he did; you know, because you have read the story. What did he do? You will be surprised to hear that he first found his own brother, and told him the Gospel. Why, your brother does not know that you go to church; your partner in business would be almost stupefied with fright if you told him that you took the Lord's Supper. We keep these things secret, and why do we never speak about them? The answer is a lie: "Because they are so sacred we never mention them; our love to Christ is so deep, so sensitive, that not a soul in the world suspects its existence." That is curious. "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." That is better, that is making a right use of precious things. There is a way of preaching; there is a blatant way, and there is a way self-reserved, and sweetly, musically eloquent. Andrew "first findeth his own brother"; he said: "'We have found the Messias'; come with us; let us follow up this clue, let us attach ourselves to this gracious personality." "He brought him to Jesus." We bring people to catechisms, to creeds, to dogmas, to ceremonies; but Andrew could not rest, until he had brought his own brother to Jesus. The two personalities touched the two hearts, entered into one another by a sacred spiritual masonry. Have we done any work of this kind?—*Joseph Parker.*

Thursday, 17th. John i. 41-44.

Ver. 44. The histories of St. Philip and St. James are full of interest. St. Philip, according to St. John, "was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter," located in Galilee. Very likely he was a fisherman, too, for fishing was the general trade of that place. He is generally reckoned among the married Apostles of our Lord, and it is said that he had three daughters who devoted themselves to a holy life. His sphere of apostolic labor was in Upper Asia, where he remained for many years making many converts by the preaching of the Gospel, and almost effecting the spiritual reformation of the whole of the Scythian people. At length he visited Hierapolis, in Phrygia, to preach the Gospel in this rich and prosperous but idolatrous city; and here it is affirmed that in his eighty-seventh year the Apostle was martyred while exhorting the assembled brethren to hold fast the doctrine he had taught them, and while praying that the Lord Jesus would preserve the Church as He had said. St. James is styled in the Epistle to the Galatians, "The Lord's brother," because the ancient Fathers believed he was Joseph's son by a former wife. The first three Evangelists speak of him as "the son of Alphæus." He was surnamed James the Less, or rather "the Little," according to St. Mark, to distinguish him from the other St. James, "the son of Zebedee," who was killed by Herod. He, however, acquired a more honorable appellation from the virtue and holiness of his life, namely, "St. James the Just." After the Ascension of Christ, he was elected Bishop of Jerusalem, "the mother of all other churches," which position he sustained to the glory of his Lord. He was, it is said, of a meek and humble disposition, exceedingly temperate. Prayer was his constant practice, and the business of the Church his one employment. At length, in the ninety-sixth year of his age, he, too, was martyred for the truth.

But let us glance now at their spiritual characteristics. St. Philip was honored in being first called to be a disciple of our Lord. He had held some conversation with Andrew and Peter before, but they returned afterward to their fishing trade. When the Lord saw Philip in Galilee the day following, He said unto him, "Follow me," and, like Matthew, he instantly and cordially obeyed. And having found Christ for himself, he would have Nathanael do the same, and he brought him to Jesus. After this, we find him, as a practical man, associated with St. Andrew at the feeding

of the five thousand, and the introduction of certain Greeks to Jesus. But that which especially characterizes St. Philip in the Gospels is his one great desire for the true knowledge of God. "Lord, shew us the Father," said Philip to Jesus, "and it sufficeth us." Such was Philip's supreme desire; and in the person of Christ Himself this desire had been met.—*Selected.*

Friday, 18th. John i. 45-51.

Ver. 48. Jesus Christ was always surprising His disciples by saying to this or that man whom the disciples did not know, "Let him come in." The disciples sometimes gave the Master sour looks, yea, looks of distrust and utter unbelief regarding His judgment of these people. They would have turned them away; they turned the children away, and when you turn the children away you turn the mothers away, and when you turn the mothers away you turn the fathers away. They were great at turning away people. Jesus Christ said, "Let him come." "Lord, what! this man?" "Yes, this man; let him come." "But we know something about him." "I know more than you know. Before any Philip amongst you saw this man I saw him, the shadow of the fig tree could not conceal him; let him come." If this be done, who knows how many people may be included in the love of Christ that we never thought of in that connection? Who can count the flock of God? See how they pour down the hills and rise up out of the valleys, an exceeding great host, elect, chosen, foreordained, children of eternity. Yet there are some persons who think they know who are fit to come to the Lord's Table and who are not. They are the persons who know exactly how many persons the Church of God can hold. Their temple floor is only so many hundred yards long and so many hundred yards wide, and beyond that accommodation all is outside. Outside what? Even some of us may be inside and may hardly know it. There is a word of cheer for you this hot noontide in the city of London. We may hardly venture to claim to be inside, yet we may be there; His mercy Whom we adore as God endureth forever. The Lord of the feast will find room for all His guests, and the guests shall be thousands of thousands, squared and cubed up to the ever enlarging numbers,—persons who have never entered into the imagination of sectarian or bigoted minds to conceive of as being elect of God.—*Joseph Parker.*

Saturday, 19th. John ii. 1-5.

Ver. 5. Mary, the mother of our Lord, speaks only on three occasions (in the sacred records), and those three utterances of hers are like three clear notes of a bell—of metal sound, and rich. "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." Here her words reveal the disciple's perfect loyalty. But her words need some explanation. Where had she learned the necessity of men yielding this implicit obedience? Where, but in that quiet home life at Nazareth? There she had studied Him with a love that became more and more filled with reverence; there she realized the mystery of His nature; and, among other things, that there were meanings He intended to convey which could not be set forth in words, but must be displayed in action; that only by doing His will, even when it was darkest, could she and others truly come to the light which she knew was in Him. Her words here, then, were not what they may seem at first sight, the utterance of despair, but their tone is that of hope. She does not mean to say: "We cannot know Him," but "He must take his own way to make us know Him, to make Himself known to us. We cannot understand His words. Let us see what He does. Let us put ourselves into action by obedience, and we shall understand Him." Surely she struck there the note of all the best Christian experience that has came down through all the ages since. How familiar has become the simple attitude of the puzzled soul which cries: "Lord, reveal Thyself in dealing with me; I will not hinder Thee; I will obey Thee. Whatsoever Thou sayest unto me I will do it." In submissive acceptance of God's will we shall understand that which no mere study of His words could teach us. But yet the words of Mary here do not allow us to forget that all true waiting for Christ's self-revelation is of an active and not merely of a passive sort. "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

There is something to be done in order that Jesus may show out completely what He is trying to make manifest. (This is His will in His dealings with us.) And acts become little or great only according to the degree in which God manifests Himself and works through them. It was not because she knew that they would have wine or something better, it was because her Son would surely show Himself through their obedience, if they obeyed, that Mary cared what these servants did. Our Lord, then, will not perfectly reveal Himself except in His action on and through obedient men.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Sunday, 20th. John ii. 6-11.

Ver. 7. Notice, first of all, the simplicity of the action of Jesus Christ. Men sometimes speak as if it were incumbent upon the Almighty to work His miracles before a select company of *savants,* who shall criticise, and then shall give their verdict as to the miracle. But the miracles of our Lord Jesus Christ were no State splendors;

they were not performed with a flourish of trumpets in the midst of the great city of Jerusalem. No, He commences to work His miracles here in an obscure village. Are you and I willing to work in secret, willing to work where our work may be but little recognized? It is from the nooks and corners that will come forth some of the greatest workers, and it is there that will be found those who will turn the widow's water into wine. Let us learn that Christ is as much with you in the Cana of your home life as He is in the Capernaum of business, or as He is in the Jerusalem of public service. This is the glory of our Christianity—that our Christianity comes into the common daily life.

From this miracle of our Lord I see how He comes to ennoble our joys, and I see how He comes to sanctify our sorrows. (1) *He ennobles our joys.* I know it is a common idea that the Lord Jesus Christ will banish all the joys of life, that the Christian must not laugh or sing, that his religion is the religion of asceticism and the desert. But oh, how different is the truth! He comes into the daily life, and He would not exclude the innocent with the harmful, the genial with the baneful. But remember this: that as you study this incident, you will see there are two or three provisos put upon the Christian's joys: (a) They must be such joys that he can invite the Lord Jesus Christ to them. (b) And then, secondly, the pleasures of the Christian are always in keeping with his purse. (c) Remember that Jesus Christ must be called always to the marriage. (2) *He also sanctifies the sorrows.* You will notice here the model prayer for the Christian when he is in any sorrow. Mary went to our Lord and said, "They have no wine." That was all. Learn to trust Him—not to worry; but put the case before Him, and then stand ready to hear whatsoever He shall say to His servant.

You have here also how He deals with our daily duties. (1) Whenever God is about to give us a blessing, He always prefaces it with a command. It is so here—"Fill the waterpots with water." (2) These commands are not to be questioned. They are to be obeyed. We may not see the connection between the command and our necessity, but—"Deep in unfathomable mines He hides His sovereign will."—*E. A. Stuart.*

Monday, 21st. John ii. 12-25.

Ver. 23, 24. "Many believed in his name. . . . . But Jesus did not commit himself unto them." You see the double action. How foolish we have been! We have said, Believe, and Jesus will come to you, and, as it were, dandle you on His knee; He will abide with you, you will have long and blessed holiday. This false doctrine has been preached too long. Let us carefully read the text, for it seems to be a text that is self-balanced. "Many believed in his name. . . . . But Jesus." That is strange reading; what is the meaning of that disjunctive? Surely we must have read it wrong. "Many believed in his name. . . . . But Jesus." When was the difficulty ever with Jesus? What has He to do with these buts and shadows and fears and sudden darkenings of the sky? It surely should have been "And Jesus." Yet it is not; we cannot change the "But"; it is a chilling word. There is more than criticism in it, that is to say, more than grammatical criticism; there is another kind of criticism in it. Criticism means judgment, criticism is not an exercise in words, in grammar, in literature in any form. Criticism in the heart of it means insight, penetration, estimate of qualities, judgment. Let us read the text again. "Many believed in his name. . . . . But Jesus did not commit himself unto them." It is very instructive to know that the word "Believed" and the word "Commit," though so different in English, are the same word in the original tongue. How then may the text be varied, if not amended? "Many believed in his name. . . . . But Jesus did not believe in them." To be worth anything, faith must be mutual. Faith is not an action on one side. It is not whether we believe in Christ, but whether Christ believes in us. He stands aloof from some men; they professedly adore Him, and He says, "I do not know you." "In thy name we have done many wonderful works." "I do not know you." "We have made a livelihood out of Thy name, we have delivered courses of lectures upon Thee, we have gathered great congregations to hear us lecture upon Thee and upon Thy ministry." "I do not know you." "Many believed in his name. . . . . But Jesus did not believe in them."

Do not let us, therefore, run away with some simple, shallow conception of what is meant by faith. Christianity is not a process of voting for Jesus, as if in the uproar and the sham of a general election. Faith means a double action. It might be expressed thus: Man believes in Jesus, and Jesus believes in the believing man.—*Joseph Parker.*

Tuesday, 22nd. John iii. 1-3.

Ver. 2, 3. Three times Nicodemus is mentioned in the Gospel story. Each time the fact is mentioned that he came to Jesus by night. Why is it that this peculiar stress is laid upon the fact that Nicodemus came to Jesus by night. I think it is because John would lay emphasis upon the fact that Nicodemus had a mind that was dark with perplexity and difficulty on the great problems of the soul and of religion. He came by night because there was something

in the dark obscurity of the night which answered to the condition of his own soul. But why did he come to *Jesus* about the difficulties? Because he had watched Jesus, he had heard His words, and he had perceived that there was a secret about Christ that he desired to understand.

The first thing to notice, then, is that this is not an old and obsolete story; it is a new and living story, because it is a representative story. It represents two things common to mankind in all ages: the desire to discover the best kind of life, and dissatisfaction with any kind of life that is not the best.

Nicodemus did something—he went to Jesus. He did something positive, he did something that cost him much. Be sure of this, it always costs us something to come to Jesus. It is not an easy thing. But the man whose heart is really aching for peace and rest will not stop to think about what others think of him. And he must *do* something. He came to Jesus. And what was Christ's word to him? "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

And now, think of what it means to be "born again." It means getting back to your childhood. To get back to childhood, to get the weight of sin removed, to start anew—Jesus says you can. Science tells us that all that is wanted to create a new star is a start. There is the vast floating nebula. If it will only cohere at some little point, then the globe will begin to form, and presently you will have a star. All that you want is the point of contact, the cohering point; then the new life will begin to stir in you, and the new soul begin to grow into the starry image of Christ.—*W. J. Dawson.*

Wednesday, 23rd. John iii. 4.

Nicodemus represents humanity when he says, "How can a man be born when he is old?" and the Jews represented humanity when they said in a bewildered and perplexed tone to the Saviour and about Him, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?"

Nicodemus said, "How can a man be born when he is old?" Nicodemus was stunned by the new language. Christianity has a language of its own and a gamut of its own, music peculiarly belonging to it, and incommunicable to all who do not know the secret and pine after its expression as by the urgency and sweet pressure of a most holy and irresistible instinct. Some men are now trying to rub out the peculiar language of Christianity: when they do that, they will rub out Christianity itself. Christianity has a language of its own, and a tone of its own, not the oily twang that has been ridiculed in fiction, but a tone without which it cannot express the deepest mysteries of its palpitating and self-sacrificing heart—a new song, a new language, a new speech; we must get to know it if we would understand Christianity. Here is a lesson in the new language. "How can a man be born when he is old?" Nicodemus could not on any wise put the new wine into the old bottles. The conception struck him as in part ridiculous. "Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?" That is how the literalists have been spoiling the feast of wine to which God has invited us, saying, "Eat and drink abundantly, O beloved," and the literalist has put before us the temptation to ask literal questions and make small and petty and bewildering inquiries. The literal critic has put up before the gate of the kingdom a great "How"—"How can the dead be raised?" "How can a man be born when he is old?" "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" You must break down that gate, for it is only a gate of gossamer, it is not a gate of cast or wrought iron. But man is fond of putting up gates, suggesting difficulties, and saying, "It appeals to reason—How can it be?" Poor man! New birth and new life—an old idea with a new application. Christianity always links us on to the past, to the well-known; Christianity always springs from a clearly defined point. You know what birth is? Yes. Christianity is the greater birth: keep your eye fixed upon birth, and then take your mind away from that starting point, right up to a wider, more illustrious application and definition of the term. But the ruler of the Jews was stunned. That is the point; no introduction led up to the tremendous revelation; the way was not smoothed and leveled up in carefully studied gradients. "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again"—that was the stunning blow, and the ruler of the Jews fell back as if struck by the thunder of God. And so we must be thrown down before we can be taken up. No man can come into the kingdom of God easily, jauntily, after a holiday fashion, saying, "Oh, I see it, I see it all, perfectly plain and perfectly clear." No, no. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God"; and thus Christ, so to say, with clenched fist, felled the man that would make an easy problem of Christian mysteries.—*Selected.*

Thursday, 24th. John iii. 5-13.

Ver. 6, 7. God is every man's Father, but it does not follow that every man who is God's offspring is therefore a son of God. The Fatherhood is often interpreted as if

it involved the sonship, but it does not. The Christ Who reveals the universal Fatherhood of God denies the universal sonship of men. "As many as received him, to them gave he the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on his name." It was a right bestowed, not a right recognized. Consistently with this teaching, the New Testament sharply divides all men into two classes—the children of God and the children of the devil.

This distinction Christ attributes to the operation of the fundamental and universal law. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." All living things come into being by birth. Parentage determines nature. Upon this universal law Jesus bases the universal necessity of the New Birth. The spiritual kingdom demands a quality of being not possessed by the natural man. Here again we touch a fundamental principle. Every kingdom demands as a condition of citizenship correspondence with its own quality of life. Therefore the first demand of a spiritual kingdom is a spiritual nature.

What is it to be born of the Spirit? God has thrown an impenetrable veil over the beginnings and processes of life. Life is evident to the consciousness, manifest to the senses, but mysterious in its process. So it is with the life that is born of the Spirit. There are, however, some instructive negatives, and one or two positive truths revealed concerning even the process. The children of God are born, we are told, "Not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." The negatives are, that no man can become a child of God by natural descent, or by any refinement, or by any aspiration of the soul. The positive truths are, that it is a birth, by the direct operation of the Spirit of God, through the agency of truth. The life is begotten in the soul by the Holy Spirit and the vehicle of communication is the Word of God. The marks of sonship are correspondence and coöperation. Every man's pedigree is declared in his conduct.—*S. Chadwick.*

Friday, 25th. John iii. 14-15.

Ver. 14. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness." What serpent was that? I have read of many serpents—the serpent subtler than any beast of the field; the brazen serpent; the fiery flying serpent; that old serpent the devil. But sometimes the serpent is found in unlikely places. I thought it an unlikely place when I encountered the serpent in the garden, in Eden, in the sunny paradise in which all young life seems to open. "The serpent in the wilderness"; that is rough rhyme; these words belong to one another; but serpent in the garden—who ever suspected such a concatenation of terms? What have these terms to do with one another? Serpent I can understand as being in the hot rock or under the bushes of the wilderness, the bushes so bare and barren; but serpent in the garden! What is the size of the garden? Big as the whole life. Every life begins in a garden. Some of the gardens are poor enough, but there is a touch of garden about all infant life; the infant life itself is a bud, a piece of a garden, a green banneret that might float over a whole paradise. Can we not have a garden without a serpent? Not under the sun. Can we not have a garden without a sepulcher? No; be thankful that there is a garden round about the sepulcher. The serpent is in the garden, is in the bank, in the balance, in all the riches, in all the wine-cellars, in all the gathered luxuries.

What is the nature of the sérpent? The nature of the serpent is to destroy. It cannot rest so long as one stone of the character is upon another. The serpent cannot rest until it has poisoned the whole life. Evil never built anything; evil always pulls down, upsets, destroys. The bite of a serpent is death. May we not play with the serpent? We may not. Are there not moments when the cruel beast is not cruel? Not one. The sand wasp paralyzes the beetle with his sting that he may and that his progeny may profit by the paralysis. The sand wasp does not kill the insect, but thrusts a sting into him, not fatally; the insect can still lay eggs for the advantage of the progeny of the sand wasp. It is so with many serpentine tricks; we are paralyzed to be used, not to-day, but to be eaten in six months.

No human power can cope with the power of the serpent, the power of evil; if help is to come it must come from above. "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help." It is not in man to find a way out of his own sin; it is not in man to invent an atonement, it does not lie within the wit of man to devise a redemption that shall be thorough and universal and unchangeable. Jesus Christ is the great Counteractant; He can take the poison out of our veins.—*Joseph Parker.*

Saturday, 26th. John iii. 16-36.

Ver. 17. Let us hear the sweetest of all speakers of sweet things. "I came not to call the righteous." That shuts up one section of society. Jesus Christ had nothing to say to the self-righteous. He left them to rot in their own conceit. He boycotted them, He would not deign to speak to them; for they did not realize their need of Him, and until need is realized prayer is impossible. It was very wonderful to watch the hauteur by which and through which He passed the righteous, so-called. None so haughty as the Child of the man-

ger when He liked! If He could lift His head to the stars, He could bend it down to the child in the gutter. Only majesty can condescend. "I came not to call the righteous"—all the thunders of heaven could not reach such deaf ears—"but I came to call sinners to repentance."

"The Son of man came not to be ministered unto." Would we not be glad to be His servants? Yes, if we could get anything by it. Would we not be only too proud to help Him in any degree? No, we would not; it is a lie. If we make such claim and boast it is because we know nothing about ourselves, we do not understand the mystery of human nature. We verily think we would, and it would delight us to play Lady Bountiful to the Lord, the Son of the heavens, and the Child of eternity. But He "came not to be ministered unto." He wanted no body servant, He asked for no one to wait upon Him. "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

"Not to destroy." The world had had destruction enough; it had been drowned, it had been burned, it had been the place of plague and locust, and caterpillar, and overwhelming whirlwind, a place of sudden flood and mighty war, and the sword was turned up in the hand of the warrior. Behold, here is an evangel, a missionary from heaven unarmed. It is a great sight, and we poor fools run after sights that we think are great.

"Not . . . . to condemn the world." Judgment is as easy as destruction. Not to make men wantonly discontented and unhappy, not to turn conscience into a plague, but to encourage men, to show them how they may get out of all the wickedness and all the misery. "I have not come to condemn the world; any poor creature could do that; I have come to save the world; I have come not to condemn you, but to lay down my life for you." "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." That is the Gospel.—*Joseph Parker.*

Sunday, 27th. John iv. 1-6.

Ver. 6. "Jesus . . . . being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well." He carried His work to the point of weariness, and He rested in readiness for new labor. It was at the noontide of the day, and He was already worn out by His effort. Thus there is authority for Christians exhausting themselves in their service. This is a world of seeking, and He was seeking souls. He sought them as men seek for wealth and power, and never grudged the pains nor spared Himself. Every day found His strength drained. Little by little life was weakened and driven back. The throbbings of His heart, the journeys of His feet, wore and wasted it. He never indulged in the thought of what might have been. He gave all that was asked of Him, and measured the nearness of His access to the Father not merely by the time He passed, but by the life He expended. The way was weary because He was bearing His Cross. It was weary because, with long and clear and bitter prevision, He saw the end. He went "bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem," knowing the things that should befall Him there. Yet He went forth without faltering, and trod the stony path till His feet were transfixed on the Cross. In His heart was a thirst for souls and a homesickness for which there was no cure but one. His Death brought Him into the heart of His desires at once.

So we see Him in rest. He sat thus on the well, tender, eager, patient, loving, ready to be found even of those who sought Him not. He had earned rest, and it is in the repose we have worked for that many of us are most selfish, and most in danger. But though He was weary He was full of peace, not passing, insecure, momentary, but unbroken and lasting. He sat on the well, and He Himself was a Well, a Well of love and pity, and life and strength. Never for an instant had He forgotten the claim of His Father, the claim of souls. Still His lamp was trimmed and bright.

We behold our example in work and rest. So much we know, and Christians generally recognize that they must have fellowship with Christ in suffering if they are to be truly one with Him. They know that none but a suffering Christ can help them. *Then* were the disciples glad when they had seen the Lord, when they recognized Him by the secure and comforting mark of the nails. Slowly but surely the Church begins to understand that the Christian life must be sacrificial, that sanctification and tribulation are indissoluble, that they must sooner or later take the road to the terrible Jordan with Christ and be baptized with His baptism.—*Selected.*

Monday, 28th. John iv. 7-26.

Ver. 13, 14. To believe that, whatever may be the substitute offered for the righteousness of Jesus, a substitute however sparkling, yet, "Whosoever drinketh of *this* water shall thirst again"; to desire truly "to have strength to escape all the things that shall come to pass and to stand before the Son of man,"—is the one authentic mark and seal of the household of faith. Those who share in this belief and in this desire are fellow citizens of the "city which hath foundations." Whosoever shares in them not, is, or is in danger of any day becoming, a wanderer, as St. Augustine says, through the "waste places fertile in sorrow."—*M. Arnold.*

Jacob's Well is admitted to be one of the best-authenticated holy places in all Palestine, and the Greek Church has it

happily in possession. "Pilgrims throng to this small inclosure, with its low-roofed house, for their entertainment, its chapel built about the well, its bushes covered with tiny pink roses; but when I was there the hour was so early that not even a patient and pathetic Russian was there before me. Birds were singing above the roses. From the hospice came a young man to take me to the well. It is very deep, and he let down a wooden tray with candles stuck upon it to light up the darkness, till far below I saw a gleam of still water. As I looked, bending over the small orifice, with the silent monk beside me, I remembered those other words said here so many hundreds of years ago, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."—*Robert Hichens.*

Tuesday, 29th. John iv. 27-54.

Ver. 37. "One soweth, and another reapeth." That is one of those old harvest proverbs, which leap to light, no matter where we turn in the affairs of man. It is the inequality of things which stirs the irony of the cynic. It would seem that part of the world's gain must come repeatedly from people who are in advance of their age. Theirs it is to strike out fresh methods or ventilate new ideas; yet often, so far as regards credit, they are superseded by inferior men who, with less originality, possess the knack of exploiting such ideas and carrying them into practice. The pioneer must apparently yield now and then, in fame and name, to one who is able to put the last touch to what he finds already more than half completed, be it in science, or in politics, or in commerce, or in religion. In the glow of the harvest, the sower is too apt to be forgotten, and his work ignored.

"One soweth, and another reapeth." It is, however, the consoling aspect of this truth to which our Lord seeks to direct the mind. The encouragement is this: that for sower as well as for reaper there is a joy, and a joy larger than purely personal success. Both contribute to a long, sure process. There is a slow continuity in Providence which links together the efforts of all who coöperate in a work, rendering each at once a dependent upon his predecessors and a contributor to posterity.

Wise and becoming is it for every age to be reminded alike of its debt to the foregoing generation and of its responsibility to the next. The one thought saves it from the selfishness of pride, the other from the selfishness of disappointment. The success and strength of any age must go back, could we but realize it, to unhistorical characters, to men and women who made a conscience of doing sound work quietly, of foregoing applause; of making sacrifices, for example, on behalf of their children, and of denying themselves in many ways in order to let their charges or their offspring be fitted for the work of life. All such, in the home or society, sow for the unseen.

Every individual who allies himself with the cause of God, unselfishly laboring on behalf of his Church and generation, is truly a sower. He benefits those who come after him as well as those who live round him.—*Selected.*

Wednesday, 30th. John v.

Ver. 17. It is characteristic of the Christian Gospel that its Saviour should be a Worker. In the old world it was a thing for slaves, and serfs, and strangers, not for freeborn men. Hence, work and greatness rarely went together; and nothing could be more alien to the genius of paganism than a toiling God. Jesus has changed all that. It was a revolution when Jesus taught "God loves." But it was hardly less revolutionary when He taught "God works." And He not only taught it, He lived it, too.

Looking back upon the work of Jesus, what strikes me first is the magnitude of His aim compared with the meanness of His methods. He claims a universal sovereignty. He runs that sovereignty out into every sphere. He is to be the text in moral questions. He is to shape our law and mould our literature. He is the Lord of Life. He is the King and Conqueror of death. Will He not need stupendous methods if He is ever to achieve an aim like that? And it is then the apparent meanness of His methods strikes us. Had He a pen of fire? He never wrote a line, save in the sand. Had He a voice of overmastering eloquence? He would not strive, nor cry, nor lift up His voice in the streets. It is a simple lesson for every man and woman who seek to serve in the true Christian spirit. Meanly surrounded, he should be facing heavenwards.

Once more, as I look back upon the work of Jesus, I find there untiring labor joined with unruffled calm. With all its stir, no life is so restful as the life of Jesus. There are two dangers that in these bustling times beset the busy man. One is, that he be so immersed in multifarious business that all the lights of heaven are blotted out. That is the one extreme: it is the danger of the practical mind. But then there is the other: it is the mystic's danger. It is that, realizing the utter need of fellowship with God, a man should neglect the tasks that his time brings him, and should do nothing because there is so much to do. But all that is noblest in the mystic's temper, and all that is worthiest in the man of deeds, mingled and met in the service of our Lord.—*G. H. Morrison.*